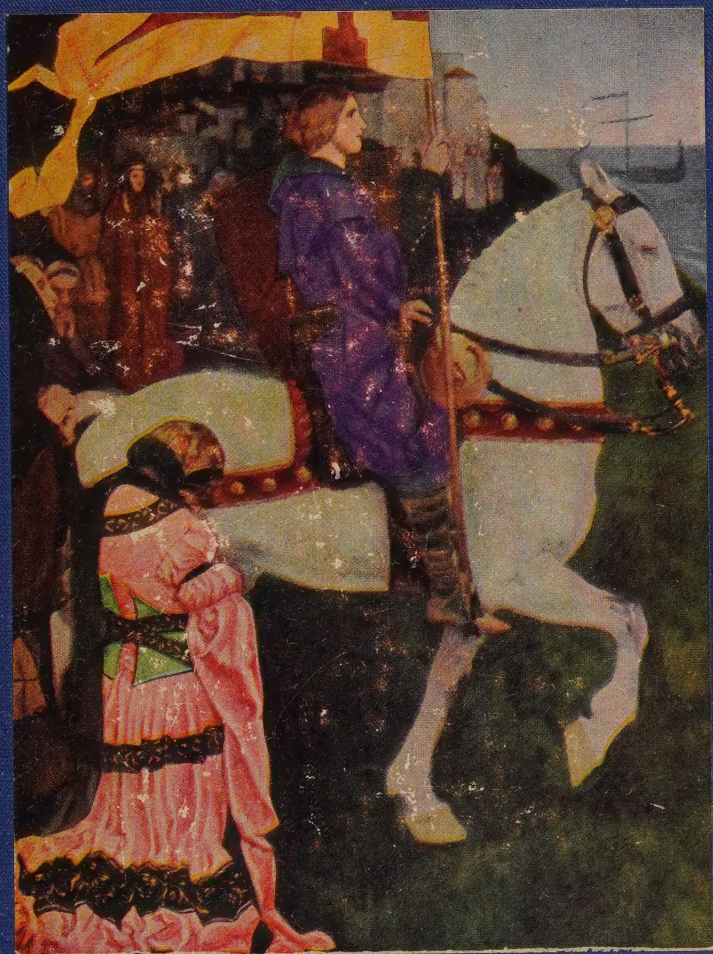






The Third Series





The Third Series



GREAT MOMENTS
IN FREEDOM



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"Hail ye heroes, heaven born band!"

What Every Child Should Know LIBRARY

CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM

EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

By
MARION FLORENCE LANSING

Illustrated by
HENRY PITZ



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TO
M. M.
A Free Spirit

P R E F A C E

FREEDOM is the goal toward which all men strive. Its quest has been the driving power which has pushed man out of his ignorance and impotence into that measure of physical, mental, and spiritual liberty which he now enjoys. The story of the centuries is the tale of man's breaking the fetters which were binding him and coming out, strong and unhampered, into new worlds of thought and action. When we seek in this twentieth century a new freedom beyond that which our fathers enjoyed, we are simply taking our rightful place in the vanguard of a procession which winds back along the path of history into the dim mists of antiquity.

They are a picturesque group, these Men of Freedom; and the keys to their freedom are as varied as the men themselves. The caveman joins hands with the scientist of the twentieth century in gaining his freedom through control of his environment. His mastery of language and discovery of fire are as spectacular as the modern conquest of the air and the broadcasting of human speech through space. St. Francis of Assisi feels that possessions are fetters, binding man's spirit. Gaily he casts off his rich garments and embraces his Lady Poverty, that he may obtain brotherhood with all men. The Milanese submit while Frederick Barbarossa puts halters of rope about their necks, but rebel the moment his back is turned. The English barons force King John

to sign the *Magna Carta* though he rages in the act. John Bunyan spends twelve years in prison for the right of free speech. A country doctor discovers in vaccination a way to free men from disease; and a humble weaver finds through his impatience at the slowness of hand methods the way to freedom from toil through the invention of the machine.

The quest for freedom follows on vision. Before a man will make the needful efforts to burst his bonds, he must see that he is bound and catch a vision of the possibility of being freed. It is part of the glory of the human spirit that action follows such a vision. When a man sees his limitations, there is that within him which drives him on to overcome them. Sometimes he breaks his fetters easily, as the strong man Samson broke the ropes with which he found himself tied; sometimes he pulls down the house upon his own head, as did the giant Samson in his blindness. But always he senses, however dimly, that he must be free. Always he knows, with the poet chronicler of Scotland, that

*"Freedom is a noble thing;
Freedom makes man to have liking;
Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have none ease,
Nor aught besides that may him please
If Freedom faileth."*

Vision comes to single souls before it can be transmitted to the group. Some walk the path alone, as did

Socrates, who must prove his vision of the immortality of the soul by going undaunted to his death. Others, like Moses and Abraham Lincoln, lead large companies. Archimedes catches a glimpse of law as the basis of the universe and leaps in thought beyond the bounds of Syracuse and the Mediterranean to some planet on which he might sit and with his lever move the world. He might join hands with Sir Isaac Newton, as he explains the movements of the planets, and the modern astronomers, who predicted the existence and position of the eighth and ninth planets of the solar system before they were located by the lens of the telescope and the recording plate of the camera.

For each age there is a new and wider vision of freedom. It is our business to be watching for it in the events of every day and to be furthering it by our own interest, understanding, and activity. More clearly than ever before in the world's history we see what the "Great Moments" of the ages are trying to tell us, that man's freedom lies within himself. Their story records the triumphant progress of the human spirit. The keys to the new freedom are in our hands. Our victories will be won when man understands and controls himself and moves forward in love and service to his fellow-men.

Cambridge, Massachusetts
March, 1930

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KEYS TO FREEDOM

HOW HELEN KELLER FOUND LANGUAGE

FIRE STORIES

A BOY WHO FREED HIS PEOPLE

DRIVING THE KINGS OUT OF ROME

AT MARATHON

HOW HELEN KELLER FOUND LANGUAGE

TIME — THE PRESENT

TO US who walk in sunlight and hear all the sounds that beat so loudly upon our ears, the world of darkness and silence in which a person lives who is both blind and deaf would seem a prison house into which could come no joy nor freedom. Yet Helen Keller can tell us how the key that unlocked this prison for her was put into her hands, and how she felt when the great moment of freedom came to her.

She had been blind and deaf ever since she was a year old, but in spite of that she had managed to find out many things about the world which surrounded her. As a child of three or four years, Helen began to suspect that she was in some way different from other people. She noticed that members of her family did not make signs with their hands when they wanted something done, as she did. Sitting in her mother's lap, she could feel that her mother did something with her mouth to which other people seemed to pay attention. She would stand between two persons who were talking, and touch their lips. They were doing some-

thing which she could not understand, and it vexed her. She would move her lips, too, gesticulating frantically; but nothing happened, as it seemed to when they did it. This would make her so angry that she would kick and scream until she was exhausted. Yet there seemed nothing that she or anyone else could do. She was in a prison house of darkness and silence, and her eager spirit was beating against the bars.

Then there was her father. Her earliest knowledge of him was of making her way to him through great drifts of paper and finding him seated alone, holding a piece of paper before his face. How could a blind and deaf baby understand that he was reading? She would sit down and hold a piece of paper before her face. She even borrowed his spectacles and put them on, hoping they might solve the mystery. But she had to give it up. It was years before she found out the secret.

For a time Helen was not unhappy in spite of her deprivations. Her loving father and mother invented a system of signs by which she came to know what was wanted of her and they could know her needs. She played with her little negro playmate, Martha Washington, the cook's daughter, and with her big dog, Belle, and was fairly content so long as they understood her and did what she wanted of them. But when she could not make them understand, or they refused to do as she wished, she would go into a storm of anger and wear herself out with crying in her mother's arms. As she grew

older, these storms of temper came oftener and oftener until at last when she was six years old she would have crying spells almost every day. The imprisoned spirit was beating against the walls of darkness and silence which shut her in.

It was torture both for the child and for those who watched her. Seeking for any way to help Helen, her father took her to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who had long been a teacher of the deaf. He was able to suggest that a teacher might be sent to Helen in her own home in Alabama from the famous school for the blind in Boston where Dr. Howe had educated Laura Bridgman, another blind and deaf child.

In March 1887, three months before Helen was seven years old, her famous teacher, Miss Anne Sullivan, came to her.

Miss Sullivan's work with the child was with the sign language. The morning after her arrival she led Helen into her room and gave her a doll. Helen had had dolls before, but Miss Sullivan did something new with this doll. After the child had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan took her hand and spelled into it the four letters that make up the word "d-o-l-l." Helen was interested in this finger play and at once learned to imitate it. She ran downstairs and made the play in her mother's hand. But she did not know in the least what she was doing or that the play in her hand had anything to do with the doll.

During the weeks that followed, she learned to spell word after word in this way. But still she did not get the idea that everything had a name and that she was learning words which were names. They struggled daily over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan was trying to make the child understand that the word *mug* stood for the dish out of which she drank and the word *water* for that which was in the mug. But Helen did not get it. One morning they worked at it so long that Helen became very impatient and angry. But still she did not understand.

It was a lovely spring day, and they stopped lessons and went out into the garden, down the path which was fragrant with honeysuckle to the well-house. Someone was drawing water from the well, and her teacher placed Helen's hand under the spout. As the water poured over one hand, Miss Sullivan spelled into the other the word *water*. Over and over she spelled it, at first slowly and then quickly, while the water streamed on the other hand.

"I stood still," says Helen, "my whole attention fixed upon the motion of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that 'w-a-t-e-r' meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free. . . . I learned a great many

new words that day. . . . It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come."¹

Of the use which Helen Keller made of the key of language which was put into her hands that day, all the world knows. She has gone through college and graduated with honor. She has continued to read and study all her life and has written books about her thoughts of life which are an inspiration to all who read them. She has learned so well the art of speech that she can make addresses at great public gatherings. Now she is giving all her time and strength to opening the prison doors for others who are blind and deaf. It is a wonderful sight to see her sit by a person and talk to him. She does not depend on the sign language, but reads the speech of those about her by putting her hands on their lips and getting the vibration in their throats as they talk. Her face lights with interest as her sensitive fingers get the message and translate it to her mind. All the world of her outer knowledge has come to her through her finger tips, as they have given her the key to that world, language.

Helen Keller found language ready-made for her use. If she had lived ten, twenty, thirty thousand years ago, in the days of the cavemen, there

¹*The Story of My Life*, by Helen Keller. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

would have been no language for her to learn. Man had to *learn* to talk. The first men were in a prison house within themselves not unlike that in which this lonely child of the Twentieth Century found herself. It is hard to picture what life would be if persons living together could not talk to one another. Yet that is the way it must have been. Like Helen, these early dwellers on the earth must have begun to communicate with those about them by signs and grunts and queer ejaculations. Out of these signs and sounds they soon began to build up a language. As man gave names to his thoughts, new thoughts and ideas came to him. For each of them he found a word.

"The more I handled things and learned their names and uses," writes Helen Keller, "the more joyous and confident grew my kinship with the rest of the world." Language is one key to freedom, admitting each one of us to kinship with all the world.

FIRE STORIES

*(As his grandfather might have told them
to Tubal-cain)*

IN THE DAYS BEFORE HISTORY

LONG, long ago, when the world was young, there dwelt in the land of Nod, in the valley east of Eden, an old, old man, who had a grandson, Tubal-cain.

This old man was the fire keeper for his tribe. That was one of the honors and duties that fell to him as its oldest and wisest member. Fire was new in the world in those days, and very rare and precious. This fire which he tended had been burning for more years than even he could remember, there in the cave at the altar of God. Other fires might be allowed to go out, but not this one: for was not God the giver of this flaming red spirit which dwelt in the wood and came out from it to warm and serve man? If the sacred fire went out, might not God be angry with the tribe for their carelessness, when He had bestowed this wonderful gift upon them?

Tubal liked to sit by the fire and watch it. First he would gather dry leaves and dead wood with which the fire spirit must be fed. Then bit by bit

he would poke them into the smoldering pile and watch the red tongues leap out and snatch them. When he was a very little boy he had run away when the hungry tongues darted out, for this was a magic that filled his soul with fear. Now he sat still and watched the spirit glow with ruddy light and crackle with satisfaction when it was well fed.

"Tell me the story of the first fire," he would say, as he and his grandfather sat in the comfort of the flame's warmth.

"I will tell of the first fires that ever man saw, in the days when he had dwelt here on the earth but a little while," his grandfather would begin, "and then I will tell of the wonderful moment when a man first learned to coax the fire spirit from the wood and gained thereby his freedom from bitter cold and suffering. These are tales as they were told to me by your great-great-great-grandfather."

"The one that walked with God?" Tubal might ask.

"Yes," his grandfather would reply reverently, "he walked with God, and tended the sacred fire of God."

"As you and I do now," the boy would add.

"Yes," the old man would answer, "as you and I do now." Then, smiling into the lad's eager face, he would begin his tale.

HOW FIRE FIRST CAME TO EARTH

"In our valley," he would say, "it has always been warm all the year round, with only the rainy



FIRE WAS NEW IN THE WORLD IN THOSE DAYS—AND
VERY PRECIOUS

season to break the spell of the clear, cloudless, sunshiny days. But away up in the North, beyond the mountains, there are lands where the sun hides its face for long nights that reach out and steal many hours from the day. Then it is cold and dark, and men suffer many ills, for the blood runs slowly and the limbs become stiff if there be not warmth from the sun, the great life-giver and light of the world.

"The people who lived in those lands suffered much when the sun went away. Many of them died in the long, dark, cold time which they called 'winter.' All the members of the tribe were thin and worn and many of the children were ill when the sun came back to spend long days with them. The hunters had killed animals for food, and the people had worn the furry skin for garments; but still they had not been able to keep warm.

" 'If only the sun god were not so far away,' they would say. 'If only he would leave some of his light and warmth on the earth when he goes away.'

"One day when all the woods were dry, for the rains were long overdue, the fire from heaven did come down to earth. Dark clouds swept across the face of the sun, and lightning played from one corner of the heavens to the other. While the thunder crashed and before the rain came, the fire of the sky leaped to the earth and stayed for a time in the forests on the mountainside. And behold! this fire from heaven ate the forests with hungry tongues of flame."

"Just as this fire eats the wood we gather for it," Tubal would say.

"Just the same way," the old fire tender would agree; "only this fire was much bigger and stronger and hotter than any fire we ever saw. It swept through the woods thrusting out long tongues of flame which caught the tops of the trees, till it seemed as if all the greenness of the mountainside would be devoured. But before that could happen, the rains came and the floods fell from the clouds, and the fire slunk away and disappeared.

"That was the first fire these men had ever seen. They marveled at it and were sore afraid. But as they spoke of this wonder, even while they trembled, bolder ones among them whispered one to another, 'Fire did come to earth and stayed here. Mayhap the same fire spirit that dwells in the heavens can dwell here on earth.' So they pondered on this strange and frightful sight which they had seen. And the tale of the fire that came from heaven and ate the forests was told to their children and their children's children."

HOW FIRE CAME ON EARTH

"Once and again, in the years that followed," the old man would continue, on another day, "the fire spirit came from heaven to the forests on the hillsides; and once and again it was driven away by its enemy, the rain that likewise fell from heaven.

"Where dry leaves and wood lay in the hot sun on the edge of the forest, suddenly there appeared fire. It soon went back into the ground again, for there was no one wise enough to feed and tend it. But now the people knew that the fire spirit dwelt not only in the heaven but also on the earth. They watched for another such fire, and when it came, they kept it. They tended and guarded and fed it, covering it from its enemy, the rain. When the high winds blew and threatened to drive it back into the ground, they took it up and carried it to the caves where they lived. There they kept it till one night a very high wind with rain dashed suddenly into the cave and blew it out.

"The next summer they watched for the fire spirit, and when it came they caught and tended it again. This time they gave it into the care of their oldest and wisest men, who should guard it and watch it and pray to it, feeding it and never leaving it alone, so that the fire spirit should not leave them in anger nor be driven away by wind or water.

"That was the first fire that dwelt on earth among men. But still men were its servants, not its masters, for they had not learned how to call it out from the wood."

"Now tell about the man from our tribe who went to the North," Tubal would beg, for even though he was a tall, well-grown lad, he never tired of hearing this wonderful story of the day when the mastery of fire came to his own people.

And perhaps that day or the next, his grandfather would tell this later story of

HOW THE SECRET OF FIRE CAME TO THE LAND OF NOD

"Stories of this strange fire spirit that dwelt in the North came to our valley," he would say, "for already men had ceased to dwell always with their own people and had wandered forth into other parts of the earth. But those who dwelt here were warm and comfortable, and none cared to take the risks of the long journey to see this wonder for themselves. Men might well come from the North to the warm and pleasant southlands where our tribe dwelt. But why should a man from the South go into the cold and barren North? Still, on our mountains where the peaks pushed up towards heaven, the air at night and in the early morning was chill and cold. Hunters who went out to get food for our tribe would often say to one another, 'Would that the fire spirit which dwells in the North would come to-day and visit us!' But it was a long and perilous journey to those distant lands, and few who tried it had ever lived to come back.

"Yet there is always someone, Tubal, who will go to seek any wonder or to find out any new thing. There has never been a time in the history of the world when this was not true, and I who am now the oldest man living on the earth believe that it

will always be true. So it was not strange that one of the best hunters of the tribe disappeared. No one guessed where he had gone. When the days rolled on and the rainy seasons and dry seasons came and went, and still no trace of him was found, the head men of the tribe thought that some wild beast had caught him in his lair and killed him.

"But one day he came back. He was so weary and worn from his journeyings that his fellow hunters hardly knew him when he came down the mountain into their midst. But it was he. All the people rushed to welcome him as one returned from the dead. Indeed, it was almost as much of a marvel that any man could go to the far North and return as if one had gone into the world of spirits and thence come back to earth.

"They had to wait long before he gathered strength to tell his tale. But at last, after he had rested many days, on a night when the tribe was gathered in council, he came out from his tent and sat in their midst, holding in his hands a block of wood and a pointed stick. To us, Tubal, who have always known that fire dwells in wood, waiting to be called out, it seems strange that men have not always known it. But so it is with all the gifts of God to men. They are waiting for us, if we but knew how to win and keep them.

"This man sat there holding his stick and his block of wood till they asked him what he would do with it. Then he knelt and prayed to God to

send the fire spirit at his call. The circle of people edged away from him in fear as he began to twirl his pointed stick in the hole in the wood. But as he turned and turned and turned it, faster and faster, till the eyes of all were weary with watching and his hands were weary with the motion, the people drew nearer and sat silent, waiting for the marvel. All at once smoke came, just a wisp of smoke rising from the hole. He touched it with dry leaves, and kept on twirling and twirling. Then came more smoke, till suddenly a red tongue of flame leaped out of the wood."

"That was the first fire in this valley," said Tubal, drawing a long breath.

"That was the first fire. All the people knelt before it and worshiped God for this wonderful gift which He had given them. Since that night there has always been a fire on His altar. To-day, Tubal, I shall teach you to use the sacred fire sticks, so that you, too, shall be able to call the fire spirit out of the wood and have your own warmth and comfort and cheer."

He took Tubal into his own tent and showed him the sticks and taught him how to use them, little knowing that in giving this lad the mastery of fire he was preparing for another great moment in the history of man, for Tubal was to learn the secret of melting metal at the fire and making it into tools. When man had fire with which to warm himself, and weapons of metal with which to de-

fend himself against the wild beasts, and tools with which to plough the ground and cut down trees and build homes, he had come into a new age of freedom, which held the promise of the time when he should master the whole earth.

A BOY WHO FREED HIS PEOPLE

ABOUT 1300 B. C.

A DARK-HAIRED youth with a high brow and flashing black eyes, dwelling in the palace of the King of Egypt in the olden days, moved in and out as if he were a prince. So he was in name and honor, though not by birth, for he was the adopted son of the princess and had at his command all the wealth and privilege of one born to the royal purple. Slaves waited on him, coming at the clap of his hands to do his bidding. He was served among the other royal youths with delicacies from the king's table. The horses of the royal stables were his for the asking. He was trained in the temple mysteries by the priests of Heliopolis. All the life of a young prince of Egypt was his for the rest of his days if he but continued in his appointed path.

But this boy Moses was not happy, for he was not a true son of the Egyptian court. The blood of another race was in his veins and the heritage of another people was his by birth. Well might he walk among the native sons of the palace with as proud an air as they, for his was a lordly people, a

shepherd people from the hills, who had never before bowed the knee to any ruler. Now they were subject to the rulers of Egypt, and it was only through the favor of the princess mother who had adopted him that he had grown up as one of the palace family.

When young Moses rode out with a friend to the chariot races, he must see his people at work in the fields or on the walls of the cities, toiling, toiling, toiling in the heat of the Egyptian sun. The King of Egypt had come in late years to fear this captive people.

"They are more and mightier than we," he had said to his counselors. "Let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass when there falleth out any war, they join themselves also unto our enemies and fight against us."

That was why the people toiled in the fields, making bricks and building them into the storehouses for the wealth of the King of Egypt. All the heavy labor of a time when there were no machines was laid on them. They were the toilers of Egypt, and the taskmasters of the king drove them to their tasks.

The boy Moses learned of the former glory of his people from his own patriot mother who dwelt with him in the palace. Loyal though she was to her mistress the princess, she could not keep from her lips the bitterness of her heart against the Egyptians.

"The Pharaohs of Egypt think themselves the

rulers of the world," she would tell him, "and so they are to-day. But it will not be for long. The Lord God will rise in His power and deliver His people from this slavery."

So while the young Moses moved about like a prince of the blood, there were other thoughts in his mind and other desires in his heart than those in the hearts and minds of the haughty, carefree, young Egyptian nobles with whom he talked and played and studied. One day these thoughts came to the surface, as thoughts are bound to do, whether for good or ill. For it is a law of life that thoughts are seeds that ripen into acts.

On this day Moses went out alone from the palace. He "went out unto his people," the old book says, "and looked on their burdens." He had looked on them many times before, but this was a new day and he looked on them with new eyes. All his life he had seen and taken for granted that the Egyptians acted as taskmasters over the Hebrews, driving them to their work. But this day, as he watched, an Egyptian struck a Hebrew, and it was to Moses as though the man had struck him, for was he not a Hebrew too? Was not this one of his own people, his brethren?

"And Moses looked this way and that, and when he saw that there was no man, he smote the Egyptian."

Not for nothing had he wrestled in the palace court with the young princes of Egypt. His right arm was strong with the strength of youth, and

back of that strength was the pent-up anger of all the years in which he had seen his people oppressed and the sorrow that his mother had poured out to him over the woes of his people.

The man fell dead under the force of his blow.

The Hebrew slave for whom he had struck the man fled in terror, and Moses was left. He had struck blindly and in anger. What should he do now? Adopted son of the palace though he was, he knew that if his deed became known he must answer for the killing of one of the ruling race. He hid the Egyptian's body in the sand and went his way, watching uneasily and listening for a hint as to whether anyone had seen him strike.

The first day he heard no word. But on the second day, one said to him, "Wouldst thou kill me, as thou didst kill the Egyptian?"

Then Moses knew that his act was known, and that he must flee from the wrath of Pharaoh.

It was many years before Moses was seen in Egypt again. When he returned, he was no longer a boy but a man, set on freeing his people from slavery. His first blow for freedom had been struck impulsively and in anger. Now for many seasons he had tended flocks of sheep and had learned in the silence and the solitude of the wilderness lessons of patience and wisdom and the fear of God. He did not forget his people. As he tended his sheep by day and watched by his fire at night, his heart burned within him for their wrongs, and he re-

gretted bitterly the act by which he had forfeited his chance to serve them.

When he was ready, his call came.

"Go and lead the Children of Israel out of Egypt," said the voice of God to his soul.

Moses knew that God was with him, and in the strength of that knowledge he went down to Egypt and led his people out.

It was the most marvelous move for freedom in all history. The king did not mean to let the Hebrews go. They hardly wanted to go themselves, for during the one hundred and fifty years of their stay in Egypt they had become a slave people, timid and fearful and dependent. The boy Moses of the Egyptian court could never have led six hundred thousand people out from under the bondage of Pharaoh. But the boy of the court had built into his life power during the years in the wilderness.

"Let my people go," he said to Pharaoh, and the time came when Pharaoh was so driven by fear that he was glad to send them out.

In the wilderness where he had gained his own freedom Moses gave his people theirs. He had thought to do it in a day or a year. It took him forty years. But he taught them in those forty years the laws of God and man. He learned with them the lesson that a change of place could not give them liberty, but that in their respect for law and justice and in the fear and worship of God lay their true and lasting freedom.

DRIVING THE KINGS OUT OF ROME

ABOUT 500 B. C.

THEY were picturesque persons, the early kings and consuls of Rome, at the time when Rome was little more than a walled town. Tarquin the Proud, who was the last king, had a pretty story to his credit of how as he drove towards Rome in his chariot, in the days before he was king, an eagle bore off his cap on high, and then, wheeling about in the air, replaced it, at which his followers said the eagle, king of the birds of the air, had recognized and crowned him.

Tarquin had great dreams of the time when Rome should be head over all the earth. He conquered all the nations round about. But he did not deal wisely with his own people. They were a proud people, proud of their city and their king, if he was a good king, but proud of their freedom as well. Under the good king Servius Tullius they had met together in an assembly where each class of the people was represented—patricians and plebeians, soldiers and men of property—and where voting was according to a fixed law and custom. But Tarquin oppressed the poor and de-

spoiled the rich and cared little for such matters as votes and the will of the people.

Though Tarquin feared no man, he did stand in great awe of the gods. What they thought mattered very much to him. He built a great temple on Capitol Hill and dedicated it to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. Then when strange things happened which he feared were warnings or omens, he decided to send a mission to the oracle at Delphi, in Greece, to find out who should rule after him at Rome. His two sons went, and with them their cousin Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus.

Brutus had the name of being a stupid fellow, but that was because he thought it safer to seem witless so that his tyrant uncle, Tarquin, and his jealous cousins should have no fear of him. So he let them laugh at him and think him the dullard that he appeared to be.

The three young men crossed the sea and made their way high up into the mountains to Delphi, each bringing his gift. The king's sons laughed at the gift which Brutus brought, for it was a simple staff, such as any man might carry for walking. It surely did not seem a fitting gift for the gods. But Brutus paid no heed to their laughter, for he knew that the staff was hollow and was filled with pure gold. He would not have had his cousins or the king know of this wealth. That was between him and the gods whom he revered and trusted and served.

The young men came to the oracle and presented

their gifts and did their mission. The oracle at Delphi never spoke in plain words that told to any listener exactly what was meant, but delighted to hide its wisdom in figures of speech and sentences with a double meaning which only the thoughtful could fathom.

To the three young men, each eager to be king, the word was spoken. "Which of you shall be king? Whichever of you shall first kiss his mother."

The two brothers went out into the outer court and began at once to draw lots to see which should go first to their mother in Rome and kiss her. But as they left the temple, Brutus fell down as if by chance and kissed the earth, knowing in his heart that the oracle had meant the one who should first kiss our first common mother, Mother Earth.

How the race of the two young princes to kiss their queen mother came out, we do not know. But Brutus came nearer to being king than either of them. The rule which he sought was of a different kind from that of King Tarquin.

Soon after Brutus's return from Delphi, the wicked deeds of the king became unbearable. At their wish Brutus summoned the people and persuaded them to depose the tyrant and banish his whole house. The sons were driven out, and the king, when he sought to enter his palace by force, found the gates shut in his face. With a few followers King Tarquin fled from the city.

Then the Roman people gathered in their assembly, as they had been wont to do, and decided

to choose each year as rulers two men who should not be kings, for they would be chosen by the people. Their rule should last for only one year, when the people could make choice again.

These elected leaders were to be called "consuls." The first to be chosen was Brutus.

Freedom is never won in a day, nor does the desire to rule depart easily from the minds of men.

In the first plot of Tarquin to get back his throne, many of the young Roman nobles were concerned, among them two young sons of Brutus. The consuls were warned in time, and the plotters seized. There before Brutus as he sat as consul in the judgment seat came his own sons. He did not flinch from his public duty. He had ordered the other young men scourged and beheaded. He pronounced the same judgment on his sons. "For he loved his country," the old story reads, "more than his own flesh and blood."

Again Tarquin stirred up trouble, this time among the men of a neighboring tribe, who joined him in attacking Rome. In the battle Brutus was killed. When the victory was won, they brought his body back to the city and buried him, and there was mourning for a full year for their brave consul.

Now Valerius, the other consul, ruled alone. He ruled well, but he built for himself a great house on the hill Velia, above the Forum; and the men of Rome, whose freedom had been so hardly won,

feared lest he might make himself king and use the hill as a stronghold for himself and his soldiers. Word of their fear was brought to Valerius, and he assembled the people and came before them with the *fascēs*, or bundle of rods which was the sign of his authority (as the royal scepter is the symbol for a king), held low in submission before them. They heard his promise that he would not seek to make himself king, but though they believed his word, they did not trust him fully. Only when he pulled down his house and rebuilt it at the foot of the hill, among the people, instead of on the top in solitary grandeur, did they feel secure.

Valerius was faithful to his trust. He had the assembly pass two laws which are known as the "Valerian law." They stand as a cornerstone of all the laws of freedom which have been passed since. One declared any man accursed and worthy of death who should seek to become king. The other, which is the more important, declared that any citizen who had been condemned to death had the right to appeal from the magistrate who had sentenced him to the general assembly. This meant that no man could ever be put to death at the will of one man but only by the vote of the people. No wonder Valerius was hailed as the "People's Friend." With Brutus he had laid the foundations for the Roman Republic.

But kings die hard. Tarquin the Proud, he of the eagle and the cap, could not believe that he was not

to be king once more of Rome. A third time he came to the gates of the city, this time with Lars Porsenna, King of Clusium and Etruria, who had gathered a great host to fight for Tarquin. Right to the gates of the city came Lars Porsenna, and took the fortress on the hill Janiculum, and drove the Romans back over the Tiber bridge.

If the enemy crossed that bridge, the city of Rome was lost. But Horatius was consul at that time and was leading the people. The bridge was of wood. After the Roman army had retreated over it, three brave men turned and defended the entrance to the bridge, so that the enemy could not cross it, while soldiers cut and hacked at the wood below so that the piers would give way and the bridge be swept away. Horatius the consul was one of the three.

As the last supports were cut, the two others ran swiftly across and got to the Roman side in safety. But Horatius stood alone on the farther bank guarding it till the bridge had fallen. Then with the enemy rushing down upon him, he prayed to Father Tiber, giving his life and his arms into his keeping, and leaping into the river swam back to the city he had saved, "sore spent but unhurt by flood or foe."

For once the Romans forgot their fear of honoring any man lest he become king, and set up his statue in the public square and gave to him in reward as much common land as he could plough in a day.



THREE BRAVE MEN TURNED AND DEFENDED
THE BRIDGE

The lesson they had learned so hardly, that the rule of many was safer than the rule of one, sank deeply into the hearts of all Romans of that time. Yet there came soon a time when Rome was again attacked by powerful enemies, and all the people felt that there was only one man, a former general by the name of Cincinnatus, who could lead the army to victory. He had retired from public life.

The Senate sent deputies to his home early in the morning, to beg him to return and take command of the army. They found him digging in his field, but with a proper respect for the deputies who had come to see him, he sent to the house for his toga so that he should be in fit costume before he received the message from the Senate.

Cincinnatus responded to the plea, organized and inspired the army, led them to a hard-won victory, and then returned to the city in triumph, riding in his chariot while his prisoners of war were led bound before him and his soldiers with their trophies of victory followed behind him. The people of Rome went wild at the sight of him. If ever a man might have been tempted to become king or dictator, that temptation must have come to Cincinnatus. The people were so filled with gratitude for the safety of their city that they had forgotten all their fears of one-man rule and would have given him any honor.

Cincinnatus accepted all their praises. "But afterwards," so the story goes, "he went home quietly to his wife and farm."

The new Roman Republic, with its precious principle of the rule of the people by their chosen leaders, was safe in the hands of men like Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, and Cincinnatus.

AT MARATHON

490 B. C.

THE story is told that every morning when Darius, ruler of the huge empire of Persia met a certain servant of his retinue, that man had orders to say to him, "Remember the Athenians."

It mattered not whether Darius was at that moment receiving homage from dark-skinned Arabs from the desert, or entertaining one of the kings of Egypt, whether he was going with a gay company to the baths, or sitting down at his richly loaded table for his morning meal. Always this servant, meeting the emperor for the first time in the day, repeated solemnly the words, "Remember the Athenians."

Why should the proud emperor of the Persians halt his business and interrupt his pleasures to be reminded of the Athenians? Indeed, he did not need to be reminded, for the thought of the insult that the free city of Athens had offered to him was always in his mind. The servant speaking the words was only the symbol of the dark thought which came all too often between him and his pleasures and his business, for Darius wanted to

rule the world, and though he ruled all other lands which bordered his kingdom, over across the Ægean Sea was the little land of Greece which he had not yet fully conquered.

He had sent word to the independent Greek cities to give up their freedom and come into his kingdom, or it should fare ill with them. Ambassadors from the Persian court had gone to every Greek city with the command that they send to Darius a bit of earth and a portion of water from their city, as token that all their earth and water, and they who dwelt within the city, rendered homage to the ruler of the Persian Empire and became his loyal subjects.

Most of the Greek cities were so frightened at this demand from so mighty and powerful a ruler that they promptly gave their homage of earth and water. But Athens had too lately freed herself, even as had Rome, from kings and tyrants, and was too happy in her freedom and democracy to yield so easily. Nor was Sparta more willing. When Darius's ambassadors came to those cities, they were roughly handled. In Athens the citizens so far forgot the respect due to envoys who came bearing a message in peace that they said to the men, "You want earth and water. Indeed, you shall have all you want," and promptly threw them into a well and left them to drown.

It was when this news reached Darius that he instructed his servant to repeat to him the words, "Remember the Athenians."

When the time was ripe, Darius gathered a huge army and made ready to cross the sea and conquer those two cities of Athens and Sparta which had defied him. Six hundred boatloads of men set forth, with two hundred soldiers, besides the rowers, on each one. One hundred and twenty thousand men, with their horses and equipment, sailing out to conquer those Greek islands and cities which should prove rebellious!

They conquered some of the island people on their way, and came to the plain of Marathon, which is twenty-six miles from Athens. There they landed, preparing to march on the Greek city.

The Athenians, hearing of the approach of the fleet, wished to get Sparta to help them, as she had promised to do in the event of the coming of the Persians. Since there were no telegraphs or telephones by which to send the message, they dispatched a famous runner, Pheidippides, to carry the word.

He ran the whole way from Athens to Sparta, about one hundred and fifty miles, stopping only for food and such rest as he must have, and reached Sparta on the second day after he left Athens, a wonderful record of speed and endurance.

The Spartans were in no such haste. They sent back word that they would come, but not at once. This was only the ninth day of the moon, and it was one of their beliefs that no undertaking would ever be successful if they started it before the full of the moon.

The Athenians knew that the Persians would not wait to attack until the moon was full, but would march on Athens at once. There was nothing to do but go out to meet them and stop them if they could.

With ten thousand fighting men of their own and a thousand more who had joined them from a neighboring city, they set out. Eleven thousand men, to meet an army ten times their size! But in the Greek army every man counted. From their leader, Miltiades, to the least soldier in the ranks, they were trained men. From their youth up Athenians kept themselves physically fit by constant exercise at the gymnasium and in all the sports. Theirs was an army of athletes, fighting to save their homes, their freedom, their wives and children. The Persian ranks were filled with paid soldiers or slaves brought across the sea to fight one more fight for their emperor.

When the Greeks reached Marathon and came forward into battle, they came running in their eagerness to attack. The Persians, slower of motion in their fighting, waited, thinking these men mad to rush forward so eagerly to certain destruction. But the spirit that had carried them running into battle gave the Athenians great power, and, as it proved, these were the best tactics for the small army. There were too many Persians on the field, and they were awkwardly placed so that they could not move easily. The Greeks seemed to them to be attacking on every side and all at once.



THE MAN WHO WAS A GOD
BY J. M. W. TURNER
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Hour after hour the armies fought, little knowing that they were fighting one of the world's most famous battles. When the day ended, six thousand four hundred Persians lay dead upon the field and the rest were taking to their ships for safety, while the Greeks with losses of only about two hundred men were preparing to return to Athens.

As soon as the victory was assured, the triumphant Athenians remembered their wives and children and the old men who were waiting anxiously in their city for news of them. The runner, Pheidippides, who had carried the word of appeal to the Spartans, set off at once to carry the glad tidings. Full of his errand he ran the twenty-six miles without a stop, and rushed into the market place, where he gasped out the word of the great victory. But the strain of this second run, following so soon after his long run to Sparta, was too much for him. When his message had been given, he dropped to the ground, dead.

In honor of his famous run, they have, nowadays, in the Olympic Games a Marathon race, twenty-six miles long, in which the world's most famous runners compete and test their speed.

The glory of the first "Marathon run" lay in the news Pheidippides was carrying of the victory of the tiny army of men of freedom against the great army of the Persian Empire. Once more Darius would have occasion to "remember the Athenians." Courage and love of country had been proved a key to freedom.

MOMENTS THAT LIVE

A FAMOUS DEFENSE

By Socrates the Thinker

A FAMOUS REMARK

By Archimedes the Scientist

A FAMOUS STAND FOR FREEDOM

By the Maccabees—A Patriot Family

A FAMOUS DEFENSE

BY SOCRATES THE THINKER

487 B. C.

IT WAS a great day in the Greek Senate. Every member was in his seat, and the feeling ran high, for there was no one in Athens who did not know the man who was to be tried for his life that day.

When a man goes on trial in our day, the verdict rests with a jury of twelve men. But in ancient Greece the whole Senate of five hundred members heard the evidence and rendered the decision. With us the verdict of the jury must be unanimous. If one of the twelve members dissents, the case must be tried again or dismissed. Two hundred and twenty men voted Socrates "not guilty" on the day of his trial, but the vote of the two hundred and eighty who condemned him sent him to his death.

The senators talked, as they waited for the trial to begin, of the charges that had been brought against him. "He stirs up the youth and corrupts them," said one to another. "That he stirs them up I can testify," broke in a third. "I have five sons, and they talk of nothing but Socrates and his ques-

tions." "His questions!" said the first man to speak. "Ah! that is the trouble. He has pestered all Athens with his questions long enough. It will be a good thing if we can be rid of them."

"Hush! he comes," the word went round, and all talk ceased as a short, thick-set man with a face so ugly in feature as to be almost grotesque, an up-turned nose, and over-large mouth came into the assembly of that nation which cared above all things else for beauty of form and feature as well as beauty of soul. Yet through his features shone a serenity and nobility of soul that made them radiant; and in his bearing as he walked to his seat was a dignity and quietness before which that whole assembly, from his bitterest enemies to his most indignant and excited students, fell silent.

This was not the first time that these men had felt the power of the personality of this teacher. Socrates had been going in and out among them in their streets, their market places, and their schools for many years. He had been a member of this Senate, and there were those who remembered how he had been commended there at the end of his ten-year term of service as a soldier for his bravery and endurance, shown especially on one occasion when he had saved the life of his commander, Alcibiades.

Socrates was on trial for his teachings. He chose to carry on his own defense, and in his words we find out what some of those teachings were, which so stirred and disturbed the city that he was now

on trial for his life. That they had been disturbing and irritating, the old man was the first to admit.

"God has sent me," he said to them, "to attack this city, as if it were a great and noble horse . . . which was rather sluggish and needed to be aroused by a gadfly; and I think that I am that gadfly . . . for I never cease from settling upon you, as it were, at every point, rousing and exhorting and reproaching each man of you all day long."

No horse, to use his own figure, likes the gadfly that stings it into action. Why should they like this questioner, who dared go beneath the surface of their pride, their prosperity, their self-satisfaction, and search out the truth that lay below the appearance?

"I go about persuading you all to give the first and chiefest care to the perfection of your *souls*. Not till you have done that should you think of your *bodies* or your *wealth*. I tell you that virtue does not come from wealth, but that wealth, and every other good thing which men have, comes from virtue. If then I corrupt youth by this teaching, I do. But if any man says that I teach anything else, he speaks falsely."

The young men had not found him a nuisance, a "gadfly," as he had pictured himself. Witness the crowd of eager young men, watching the trial and hanging on his every word. Socrates knew how he drew them. It was his pride. He discussed now the penalty which the Senate might fix for him if

it found him guilty. Suppose he was exiled from Athens for life. He scorned the thought. "A fine life I should lead for an old man, if I were to pass the rest of my days in wandering from city to city and continually being expelled." Did they ask how he knew that he would be expelled from one city and another? Ah! the glory of that answer, for a man seventy years old. He knew the power of his teachings. "I know very well that, wherever I go, the young men will listen to me, as they do here."

"Either acquit me, or do not acquit me," he said, and the words ring down the centuries; "but be sure that I shall not alter my way of life: no, not if I have to die for it many times."

Did he fear death? He recalled to them his career as a soldier. They must have been ashamed, many of them, when they remembered that record and saw him standing before them now, defending his life.

"When the generals whom you chose to command me, Athenians, placed me at my post . . . I remained where they placed me, and ran the risk of death like other men. It would be very strange conduct on my part if I were to desert my post now from fear of death or of any other thing, when God has commanded me (as I am persuaded that He has done) to spend my life in searching for wisdom, and in examining myself and others."

Death might be the greatest good that could happen to a man, he reminded them. How could they know?

They had accused him of not believing in their many gods, and of teaching men so. Here was the gist of the accusation. It was for this that he was really on trial. He knew that it would do no good to argue about the matter.

"I do believe in the gods as no one of my accusers believes in them," he declared; "and to you and to God I commit my cause, to be decided as is best for you and for me."

The vote was taken; the ballots were counted; and he was condemned to death.

"Believe this as a truth," he said to his judges, "that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. . . . The time has come, and we must go hence, I to die, and you to live. Whether life is better, or death, is known to God and to God alone."

Whichever way they had voted, the judges went out of that assembly silent and thoughtful. They had seen a man face death bravely and serenely. Would they be as calm and confident if they were in his place?

For thirty days more, while a sacred treasure ship went to Delos and returned, Socrates lived, talking in prison with his followers, among whom was the young man Plato. It is to him that we owe the report of this trial and of the marvelous discourses with which the teacher filled his last days with his students. He gave them all the wisdom that he had thought out in a long life. He asked

searching questions concerning the great facts of life and death, and answered them. Above all, he comforted them with the assurance that the soul of a man can never die.

Then, according to the Athenian custom by which no citizen should have the blood of another on his hands, he took the cup of hemlock in his own hands, drank the poison, and lay down to die. They could take his life, but beyond that they had no power. He had kept his faith to the last. In his search for truth he had won for himself freedom of soul.

A FAMOUS REMARK

BY ARCHIMEDES THE SCIENTIST

287-212 B. C.

GIVE me a place on which to stand, or a support on which to rest my lever, and I will move the earth," said Archimedes.

"Prove it," said his friend and patron, King Hiero of Syracuse, who was a shrewd and practical person, believing, according to good modern ideas, in putting knowledge to use and keeping scientists busy at harnessing power to machinery.

And Archimedes made good, or came as near to making good as he could without becoming a superman and journeying off into space to another planet where he could sit with a million-mile pole and put it under our earth like a lever and tip this solid planet up and down as a boy tips his companion on the other end of a see-saw.

Archimedes had a habit of making good. King Hiero had found that out. That was why he was always challenging him to do something more.

The king remembered the time when he had planned to make a votive offering in the form of a

gold crown at a certain temple. The required amount of gold had been delivered to the goldsmith, and in due time the beautifully wrought crown was brought back. But before the king had taken it to the altar, the report got about the court that the crown was not of solid gold. It was said that its maker had kept out some of the gold and put in cheaper silver in its stead. The king was in a quandary. He must not insult the gods by putting a dishonest piece of work on their altar. But if he melted the crown to find out if it were of pure gold, all the labor of its creation was wasted.

"How can I find out whether the crown is of pure gold, without melting it up?" he asked of Archimedes, and the philosopher took the question away with him to ponder it.

All Syracuse knew when he found out the answer. He had gone to the public baths, and was stepping into the tub when the water overflowed. Archimedes watched. The deeper his body went into the water, the more water overflowed.

"*Eureka! Eureka!*" he exclaimed. "I have found it! I have found it!" and leaping out of the tub, he ran naked to his home, shouting as he passed through the streets, "*Eureka! Eureka!*"

He had seen that the amount of water which ran out of the tub was in exact proportion to, or occupied the same space as, his body. Every object had a certain size in proportion to its weight. He weighed a piece of gold, dropped it in water, and noticed how much water it displaced. More water



HE WEIGHED A PIECE OF GOLD, DROPPED IT IN WATER

ran out for silver than for gold. He weighed the crown, and then found how much water it displaced. Comparing his figures with those of the lumps of pure gold, he found that the crown was much larger than it would have been if it had been of pure gold.¹

The goldsmith had been caught in his dishonesty. The scientist had proved the worth of his figuring.

When Archimedes made the remark, in connection with his studies of the lever and the screw, that any weight, however great—even the earth itself—could be moved by a small amount of force rightly applied, Hiero begged him to show how the law worked by having some great weight moved by a small piece of machinery.

Archimedes agreed at once to make a demonstration. Perhaps he had been longing for the chance.

He selected a freight ship, lying in dry dock in the harbor at Syracuse, where it had been put for repairs. These were completed, and it was ready to be drawn slowly and laboriously out into the water, a process which would occupy a couple of

¹“The day,” says a modern scientist, “when Archimedes discovered that famous principle that ‘the weights of bodies are proportionate to their masses’ ought to be celebrated as the birthday of mathematical physics; the science came of age when Newton, some nineteen hundred years later, sat in his orchard and watched the apple fall.”

days and require the services of a large crew of dock men and sailors.

To the astonishment of these workmen they were set to loading the ship with freight, instead of drawing it into the water.

"But it is still in the dock," one complained to another. "Why make it any harder to move than it is now?"

"Aye, we shall have to take all these goods out and reload it again when it is in the water," grumbled the man in charge. "But so the king commands. It is some crazy idea of that visionary Archimedes."

Archimedes himself came down to superintend the placing of his apparatus, directing the fastening to various parts of the ship of ropes and pulleys, and the setting of a huge cog-screw. The men went on, meanwhile, with their loading, casting curious glances at these strange contrivances.

Finally the inventor went ashore, and passengers began to come aboard. Passengers as well as freight to load down a ship which was not yet even in the water! No wonder the men thought Archimedes had gone crazy.

The king himself came down to the ship and went about with the inventor, inspecting with interest all the apparatus. Then they both went ashore, to the place where the ropes started, where a seat had been fixed for Archimedes.

The great moment of achievement is described

by the historian Plutarch in a single sentence: "Sitting himself the while far off, with no great endeavor, but only holding the head of the pulley in his hand and drawing the cords by degrees, he drew the ship in a straight line, as smoothly and evenly as if she had been in the sea."

Exactly how Archimedes accomplished this, we do not know. It was by some application of the law of physics which he had worked out and now demonstrated, by means of a cogwheel apparatus connected with an endless screw and controlled by ropes and pulleys. Indeed, the so-called "Archimedes screw" is known and used to this day.

The real interest lies, however, in the fact that this pioneer in science had not only worked out many laws of physics, geometry, optics, and engineering, but that he also applied his knowledge to practical problems of everyday life. Part of this we owe to King Hiero. No sooner was the ship experiment over than he persuaded the inventor to construct engines of war which were later to "shoot out heavy beams and throw marvelous great stones, with an incredible noise and force" at the attacking army of Romans during the siege of Syracuse. The great man did not care particularly for this kind of thing, but he was good-natured. These machines he "designed and contrived, not as matters of any importance, but as mere amusements in geometry, in compliance with King Hiero's desire and request some time before that

he should reduce to practice some part of his admirable speculation in science, and bring it more within the appreciation of people in general."

Mankind had progressed far from the days of the caveman when a single thinker like Archimedes could work out the laws that governed the universe and then create machines which turned them to man's service and made them do his work for him.

A FAMOUS STAND FOR FREEDOM

BY THE MACCABEES — A PATRIOT
FAMILY

166 — 141 B. C.

THE Maccabees lived in the period between the Old Testament and the New. That is why the story of their glorious stand for freedom is sometimes lost out of our histories.

We know of the sorrows of the Hebrew people when they were carried into captivity in Babylon, because the songs or psalms of their exile are read in our churches and preserved as part of our finest English literature. But these sorrows were as nothing to the woes which the people suffered after their return from exile, when the hated Antiochus Epiphanes became emperor of the neighboring Syrian empire.

Palestine was such a little strip of country on the seaboard of the Mediterranean that it was always being conquered by one of its greater neighbors. But the Jews were so tenacious of their faith and stood so strongly for their Temple worship and their sabbath keeping and other cherished customs that their rulers usually let them alone,

contenting themselves with collecting heavy taxes and keeping strong guards in their cities.

Not so Antiochus Epiphanes, who won a reputation for extreme cruelty in a time when cruelty in warfare was so common as to be hardly noticed. He took no account of women or children, putting them to death with torture as readily as he did the soldiers who were captured fighting against him. When he made up his mind to take Jerusalem and carry away the rich Temple treasures of gold and precious vessels, he let nothing stand in his way. The aged priest Eleazar, who ventured to protest against offering sacrifice to Jupiter in the Temple of God Almighty, was slain before the altar. Women whose only fault was that they had followed the Jewish customs in their families were slain, and young men and boys tortured.

Word of all these doings came to the city of Modin, where dwelt the venerable priest Matathias and his five stalwart sons. He was the leading citizen of that city, honored and consulted by all. When the story of the desecration of the Temple came to him, he and his sons rent their clothes and put on sackcloth in token of their mourning.

"My sons," he said, "it were better that we should all die, every one of us, for the laws of our country and for our faith, than to live on in this inglorious way, as many are doing," for many of the people of Jerusalem and the neighboring towns were giving up their faith and worshipping the gods of Antiochus out of fear.

His sons agreed and wished to go forth at once to defend their faith. But the father said, "Nay, let us wait. Our way will be shown us soon enough."

When the emperor's men came to Modin, they had grown bold in their progress through the cities. Elsewhere they had been content to seize the sanctuaries and set up their own customs in them. Here they desired not only to take possession, but to have the Hebrew priest lead in offering sacrifice to Jupiter.

"Thou art a ruler," they said to Mattathias, "and an honorable and great man in this city, and strengthened with sons and brethren. Now therefore come thou first, and fulfil the king's commandment, like as all the heathen have done, yea and the men of Judah also, and such as remain at Jerusalem. So shalt thou and thy sons be in the number of the king's friends, and thou and thy children shall be honored with silver and gold and many rewards."

It was a fair-spoken offer such as many of the Jews had accepted. They made it to the old man in the Temple where they had found him with his sons. There in the Temple he gave his answer, in a loud, clear voice that carried to the threshold and out to the ears of the waiting people outside.

"Though all the nations that are under the king's dominion obey him, and fall away every one from the religion of the fathers, yet will not I nor my sons nor my brethren give up our freedom to worship God according to the laws of our own

faith. We will not hearken unto the king's words to go from our religion, either to the right hand or the left."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when one of the Jews who had just entered from outside, intending to gain favor with the king's officers by his ready obedience to them, stepped forward to offer a sacrifice to Jupiter on the altar, as they had desired Mattathias to do.

In his talk with his sons the old priest had counseled prudence, but there is a limit beyond which prudence may not go. The sight of a man of his own race forswearing the God of his fathers and bowing with his sacrifice before a heathen god roused the priest to righteous indignation. He ran upon the man, knocked him down before he could carry through his impious act, and either he or one of his sons, who had rushed forward to support their father, ran his sword through the man who had offered the sacrifice and killed also the king's general Apelles, who had commanded it.

In the confusion that followed Mattathias still ruled the scene. With his own hands he overthrew the image of Jupiter which had been set up, and standing by its wreck, he cried out:

"If any man be zealous for the laws of his country, and for the worship of God, let him follow me."

So saying, he turned and departed from the scene, with his five sons following him. They did not stop to take with them any of their possessions



WITH HIS OWN HANDS HE OVERTHREW THE IMAGE,
OF JUPITER

but made haste to go into the mountains. Many of their people followed them, fleeing with their children and wives into the wilderness, there to dwell in caves.

A great army gathered themselves to Mattathias and his sons (whom men came to call the Maccabees from one of their family names) and held their own against the emperor's men for many months while their leader trained them. But Mattathias was an old man. He knew that he could not lead them long. So he called his sons and gave over the command to them, setting before them as he did so his ideals of the freedom for which they should be ready to die if need be.

"Your bodies are mortal and subject to fate," he told them; "but they receive a sort of immortality by the remembrance of the actions which they have done. I would have you so in love with this immortality that you pursue after glory."

Judas, who became the general of the army, carried on his father's spirit, saying to his men as he led them into battle:

"O my fellow soldiers, if you fight manfully now, you may recover your liberty and with it the liberty to worship God. That liberty you must either recover this day or die, for none of this nation will remain if we are beaten in this battle."

The freedom which the Maccabees won by defeating the emperor's forces was not for long. They did go in and restore the Temple and rededicate

it with an eight-day Festival of Lights, and they were allowed to carry on their life undisturbed for several years.

But the glory of their stand for freedom was not measured in days or years. It lives forever as a precious heritage of all lovers of liberty who are ready to say with Mattathias, "What matter our lives? If we lose our freedom, to what end should we desire to live any longer?"

THE TRUE FREEDOM

THE MASTER COMES
PETER LEARNS A LESSON

THE MASTER COMES

30-33 A. D.

ALL down the early ages of history men sought freedom and won it for themselves and others. Moses led his people out from slavery. The Romans drove out their kings and ruled themselves. Socrates met death without fear, knowing that his soul would live on. Archimedes had the vision of a universe ruled by law, and found that he could in his own small way work that law for his own purposes. The Maccabees found their freedom in caves on the mountainside where they were free to worship God in their own way. These and a hundred other keys to freedom men found. Then there came the greatest moment in history when a man came and lived in the world who was himself FREE.

Along the highways and in the villages and towns of Galilee and Judea he walked, healing men's bodies, curing their souls, and teaching the Way of Life. He spoke of himself as the "Son of Man"; the wise among his disciples knew him to be the "Son of God."

The world never needed the message of freedom more than it did in those days, and no people

were more eager for it than the people of Palestine. They were living under a Roman rule which they hated. They were bound by a religion of laws and rules which had ceased to allow for much freedom of spirit. It was no wonder that they hailed Jesus as the man of promise who should free them from the tyrannies of the Roman Empire, nor that they were disappointed when he failed to gather an army and drive the foreign rulers from the land.

But the freedom which Jesus lived and taught was greater than that which could be won by force of arms. It was a freedom which each man could win within himself and for himself. His hearers resented the idea that they were not already free. "We are Abraham's seed," they told him proudly, "and have never been in bondage to any man." He told them that was not enough. "Ye shall know the Truth," he said to them, "and the Truth shall make you free." Then, and then only, would they be "free indeed."

To show what this new freedom was, Jesus told stories of the Kingdom of God which he came to set up on the earth. It was a new kind of kingdom, based not on force or power or wealth, but on brotherhood and service and love. One who thought himself its least and humblest member was likely because of his deeds of loving service to find himself bidden to its head table. It was a kingdom in which all were as simple and open and eager to learn as little children.

Many did not understand the teaching. Many do not understand it to this day. They looked for some word to be thundered at them from the skies; they wanted to see a shining Kingdom of God coming down out of heaven. But when they asked Jesus when this kingdom was to come, he looked on them with a smile and said, "The kingdom is within you." Was it hard to find? they asked him. And he told them simple stories of a man who found hidden treasure buried in a field, and of a woman who lost a coin and swept her house and rejoiced greatly when she found it. No harder than that, for those who truly sought it.

Those who lived closest to Jesus began to see what He meant. The Truth had set him free. The frets and worries of daily life did not disturb him, for in his heart was the "peace that passeth understanding." He did not seek for earthly riches but spoke of laying up treasures in heaven, treasure in the heavenly possessions of the spirit. He did not seek power, as did the rulers of this world, but gave as the keynote of his life that he came not to be served but to serve. He saw men as children of God, and was able by the power of God to free them from their diseases. He looked through death and taught of the world beyond the grave. The law of the kingdom was love. "Greater love hath no man than this," he said, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." "A new commandment give I unto you," he told his disciples, "that ye love one another."

The Master was with his disciples for only three years, but when he had gone away they went on living as he had taught them. They had come to know the Truth, and the Truth had set them free from all the old ways of life. He had shown them the joy and power which came when they knew the world to be the Kingdom of God and gave themselves wholly in love and service.

From that day to this, men everywhere have been learning to live in the true freedom which Jesus came to teach and show to all mankind.

PETER LEARNS A LESSON

ABOUT THE YEAR 40

IT IS a human failing to think that because we are different from other people we are probably better than they. In spite of ourselves most of us have an idea that somehow our race and our color of skin and our national ways are better than those of the peoples who live beyond our borders or across the seas.

Peter was the first one of Jesus' followers who, in trying to follow the Truth, found himself up against this wall of race prejudice. The Jews had very strict religious customs of eating and were taught from childhood that certain kinds of food were unclean. Peter had been brought up to believe that he would be breaking a law of God if he touched such food as his neighbor Gentiles ate without question. But Peter had come into a new way of life and freedom.

One day he went up to the housetop to pray, and as he prayed he had a vision. It was the dinner hour and he was hungry. Before him was spread a sheet, let down, as it were, from heaven, on which were all manner of four-footed beasts and fowls

and creeping things. He heard a voice saying, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat."

"Not so," he replied, "for I have never eaten anything that was common or unclean."

But the voice came again, "What God hath cleansed, call not thou common."

Peter was perplexed to know what his vision meant. While he was thinking about it, three men came to his door with a message from Cornelius, a Roman centurion, asking him to come to his house in the near-by city of Joppa and teach him the things of God as he was teaching them in Jerusalem.

Up to that moment it had probably not occurred to Peter that the message of the kingdom belonged to anyone but members of his own race and faith. But the words of the vision were still ringing in his ears: "What God hath cleansed, call not thou common."

He went with the three messengers to Joppa. When he entered the house where Cornelius and his friends were gathered to receive him, he spoke the word of his new freedom as it had just come to him.

"You know that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to come unto one of another nation. But God hath shown me that I should call no man common or unclean. I have learned that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that heareth Him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him."



ONE DAY HE WENT UP TO THE HOUSETOP TO PRAY

So Peter ate with these people and taught them of the Way as Jesus had shown it. It was a great step for him to take. Some of his Jewish friends who were likewise followers of Jesus objected when they learned of it. But when they heard Peter's story, they too saw that this was part of the new Way of Life. They had been bound within the ways of their own race and faith. Now they had come into a new vision by which they saw all men as their brothers.

It is an old lesson and yet one which is new with each person and each nation, to put away pride and race and class prejudice and to practise, as did Peter, the lesson of human brotherhood.

FREE PEOPLES

BARBARIAN AGAINST EMPIRE
VENICE, THE FIRST REPUBLIC

THE LOMBARD LEAGUE

THE MEN OF THE FOREST CANTONS

BARBARIAN AGAINST EMPIRE

THE YEAR 9

ONCE in a while, history flashes on its screen the moving picture of a whole period in a single set of vivid episodes. Such are the lives of three boys, the first boys of our own north European ancestry of whom we know anything, who came to Rome in the days of the Emperor Augustus. Better than a hundred long chronicles, these lives show how free peoples, "barbarians" as their more civilized neighbors called them, behaved when they came face to face with a conquering empire.

The story begins, as many a moving picture does, with a scene of country boys coming to a great city. They were picked lads, brought from the forest regions of northern Europe to be trained in the arts of soldiery and warfare in the legion schools of Rome. All three were of noble birth. Marbod, the oldest, came from a princely family of southern Germany. Hermann and Flavus were brothers, sons of Sigimer, an honored Northern chieftain.

At first these blue-eyed, fair-haired "barbarians" were laughed at by their swarthy South-

ern schoolmates for their clumsy ways and their halting efforts to speak Latin. Hunting and fishing and scouting for a hidden enemy on narrow forest trails were more familiar to them than the precise drill of the Roman legions. But that was not for long. Before many months had passed Marbod and Hermann and Flavus had exchanged the wide, free tread of the forest for the soldierly step of the army. As the years went on, each was made an officer; each won his Roman citizenship; each wore around his neck the golden chain of Roman knighthood.

But what of the hearts that beat beneath these chains of gold? Had they become Roman? Had the desire of the teachers in this officers' training school been realized, and were these tall, splendid young Teutons ready to spend their lives in Rome's legions, fighting her battles for her? What of the Teuton love of independence which was their birthright? Did it remain undimmed within their hearts, beneath the cloak of Roman culture?

Their teachers could not tell, any more than the teachers in our own schoolrooms can tell which of their boys will go out to seek wealth and position for themselves, and which will give themselves in service for their communities and the world. But history gives the answer for each one of these three.

Marbod went home first, for he was eight or ten years older than the others. His people welcomed

him gladly, rejoicing that he had chosen to return to them instead of remaining at the Roman court. The fear of the advancing Roman Empire was upon them. With a young Roman-trained chieftain they could know better how to defend themselves.

Marbod had learned well the first secret of Roman success.

"Singly we shall be defeated. Together we can keep back the Romans," he told the people, and one chief after another of the neighboring tribes gave up the lonely independence which he and his followers had held dear to come into the great union which Marbod was forming among the Teuton peoples.

But Marbod had learned too well another lesson in the court of Rome. He had seen how a single man could hold in his own hands the control of a vast empire. The people gave of their time and money to build a city, after the fashion of the Romans, in the midst of their new federation. But when it was done, Marbod chose to call it "Marbod-stadt," as the Emperor Augustus had called his latest city "Augusta." They had thought that in the center of their city would be a great council hall where, after their free custom, the leaders of the tribes would meet and discuss the affairs of the union. In the center of the city was placed instead a fort with a treasure house and a castle in which dwelt the man who now chose to call himself "King Marbod." They heard that the Romans, learning of this new and powerful king-

dom on the border of their empire, were coming to challenge it, and they rejoiced in their own union and power. The tribes began to send in their quotas of soldiers to fight against the imperial army. But the king held back, fearful for the safety of his rule.

Other enemies attacked the Romans. Their officers became alarmed. If the Teutons attacked now, their armies, far from their home base of supplies, might be defeated. Wise in the arts of diplomacy as well as of warfare, they sent messengers to the Roman-trained "king." It was a shrewd message which they sent, giving no hint of the plight in which they found themselves.

"Only make peace, and Rome will make no more complaint of your kingdom," came the word from the Roman general. "Your royal throne and your separate realm shall be assured you. Our friendship will be yours if you refrain from attacking our army."

The old Roman training was too strong in Marbod. Fear came upon him, fear of the Roman army in which he had been bred. He withdrew such troops as he had gathered, made his peace with Rome, and announced to his indignant people that he had saved them from invasion and certain defeat at the hands of the Romans.

History shows only one more picture of this Roman-Teuton. A few years later the patriot Hermann urged him to join in taking a stand against the Romans. Marbod refused, and when tribe

after tribe deserted him to fight under the leadership of Hermann, he fled for protection to the city where he had gained his training as a boy. The emperor gave him a house where he lived for the remaining twenty years of his life. "Despised by all his people," writes the Roman historian, "Marbod grew gray in indolence, dying, as he had lived, under the power of Rome."

After young Marbod had left Rome and while Hermann and Flavus were completing their training in the army, a new Roman governor, Varus, was transferred from the province of Syria, where he had been a harsh ruler, to the command of that region of the Rhine border from which the boys came. Other Romans had been content to dwell quietly on the banks of the river, guarding their own frontier. Varus set out to make of this region a Roman province. All the law courts must be conducted in the Latin language. Public assemblies were forbidden. Roman officers must take the place of the honored leaders of the tribes. Finally, the people must pay taxes to support the Roman soldiers who were guarding the land.

These forest people had never heard of taxes. To them money paid by one people to another was tribute money.

"We are forced to give up our language and our customs and our laws," they said, "and then to pay for the system of rule which we hate. What then is left us of our ancient liberty?"

When word of these things came to the young officer Hermann, he prepared at once to give up his court life and his career in the army and return with all speed to his home.

Not so his brother Flavius.

"What can one man do against such a mighty power as Rome?" he said.

So Flavius stayed on at court, as one of the emperor's guard, and Hermann returned alone to his fatherland.

As Marbod had worked a few years before in the Southern region, Hermann worked among the Northern tribes, using his Roman training in forming them into a union which should rise against their oppressors.

The people did not need to be roused to anger. They were bitter against their common enemy. But they were hopeless.

"What can we do?" they said. "The Romans are too strong for us."

"What can we do?" cried Hermann, flaming with the spirit of youth and independence. "We can fight for our freedom. To other nations these oppressions and taxes are unknown, as they were to our fathers. They speak freely their own language, not the speech of a conqueror. Shall we who have always dared nobly for our liberties bow our heads under the Roman yoke? If your country is dear

to you, if the glory of your ancestors is near to your heart, if liberty is of any value to you, follow Hermann. I will marshal you to glory and to freedom."

The tribes caught his enthusiasm and courage. When he gave the word, they flocked to his standard. His training as a soldier served him well in making plans for his campaign. While Varus and his legions were starting on a march to put down a small revolt, Hermann gathered his countrymen by night and attacked them in the Teutoburg forest.

The Romans were taken by surprise. The ground under their feet was swamp land where they could not fight to advantage. A terrible three days' battle took place in which Hermann and his followers were victorious and the two Roman legions, the flower of the empire's soldiery, were wiped out.

The news of the disaster created a panic in Rome. If the barbarians could do this, they might descend on Rome itself.

"In ten days they may be here," the emperor said, and the city was in terror.

But Hermann had no such dream. Enough for him the independence of his people!

Teuton independence was not won in a day. Hermann fought other battles against the Roman

armies. In one of them Flavus was placed in command of a company of Roman soldiers, set to fight against his own brother and his own people.

History gives a strange picture of a meeting of the two brothers on the evening before the battle. They stood and talked across the river. Flavus had lost an eye. Hermann inquired concerning it and learned the name and time of the encounter in which he had suffered this disfigurement.

"And what," asked Hermann, "has been your recompense?"

"I have received," said Flavus, "an increase of pay, a military chain, an ornamental crown, and other honors."

"They are the wages," said Hermann with a scornful laugh, "of a slave cheaply purchased."

On the highest spot in the Teutoburg forest there stands a lofty monument. The pedestal of granite is in the form of a temple ninety feet high, and above it rises a colossal bronze statue of Hermann the Deliverer. Travelers can see from fifty miles away the figure of the patriot as he stands with soldierly erectness, holding a spear in his uplifted hand. Of him the Roman historian, Tacitus, writes: "To this noble man, who in seven years won freedom for his nation, his people gave what it had to give, an eternal place in its songs of heroes."

The Roman Empire brought law and order to many of its subject peoples. Yet we cannot but re-

joice in this Teuton ancestor of ours who halted that empire at the river Rhine and gave to the free peoples of the forest time to develop their systems of law and freedom which are the foundation of many of our English and American liberties.

VENICE, THE FIRST REPUBLIC

400-810

THE city of Venice is built half on water and half on land. Its streets are canals; boats come to the doorways of its marble palaces. If you ask a Venetian why this beautiful city was built on the shifting sand bars of the Mediterranean when all the firm, solid land of Italy lay behind, he will tell you the proud story of how his forefathers cared more to lay for their city a firm foundation of liberty than to dwell, a conquered people, on the mainland which they left behind.

It was in the days of Attila the Hun that the people had to make this choice. The Roman Empire was falling to pieces, and the fair land of Italy was in sore distress. One nation after another of wild Northern barbarians crossed the Alps and descended on the Southern provinces like a whirlwind, trampling down the vineyards and setting fire to towns and cities. The first to come was Alaric the Goth. The whole land was laid waste by his armies as they moved on to take Rome. Fifty years later came Attila the Hun: the Destroyer, of whom it was said that where he stepped grass



THE FIRST TO COME WAS ALARIC, THE GOTH

never grew again; the Scourge of God, who declared that he would cross over to Italy to hunt, and when they asked him what he would hunt, said with a brutal laugh, "Hunt? What should I hunt but Romans?"

One city after another fell before him. Padua and Concordia were taken, their beautiful palaces looted, their men and women and children helpless before the hordes of brutal barbarians. Milan fell, and then Turin, and Aquileia was next. But Aquileia did not yield. For three months Attila and his army, unused to sieges and not knowing how to "fight against stone walls," camped before its gates until they grew weary and impatient with waiting. But the city did not yield.

One day, as Attila was gazing at the city walls and fretting himself to know how he could get past them, he saw the storks leaving their nests and flying away with their young from the city. The conqueror rejoiced. The birds were leaving because famine had set in. Soon the obstinate citizens who had stayed so securely within their stone walls would be forced to come out and fight or die of starvation.

But still the citizens did not come. Day after day the sentinels guarded the walls; day after day Atilla watched the gates for the messenger of surrender who would surely appear.

One day he noticed to his surprise that a flying stork alighted on the figure of a sentinel standing at one of the towers.

"Surely a stork would not light on a man," said Attila to himself, and ordered an attack on the city.

He found it empty. The sentinels who had been guarding the walls against him were blocks of wood cut in the form of men. While they stood at their posts, the inhabitants of Aquileia had been escaping nightly from the city by hidden ways. The last of them were departing as Attila and his men stormed the gates and beat their way into the city. As they fled, they gave in the villages through which they passed the terrifying message, "The Huns are upon us."

While Attila stayed to loot the city of its treasure, the fleeing company moved on till they came to the edge of the sea, to a bay which was almost landlocked by a group of low islands stretching across its mouth. Looking across at them the weary fugitives said, "On those islands we should have water between us and the Huns; there if anywhere we should be safe."

The kindly fisherfolk lent them light boats, and they went over to the farthest island and built huts and dwelt in safety till the fury of the barbarians had passed. That was the beginning of Venice.

A city is not built in a day, nor are the foundations of liberty laid save with labor and long effort. All the Aquileians did not stay on the islands after the danger from Attila was over. Yet many did stay; and many left only to return within a few

years, for from that time on Italy had no rest. The Alans and Vandals wandered through the land fighting not only the Italians but the Goths who likewise came southward for riches and spoil. Finally the Lombards came, the most dangerous of all, for they sought not only to conquer the land but to dwell in it. They took the cities of Aquileia and Altinum, which had been rebuilt, and settled themselves within them. This time the fugitives who had left were never to return. They were weary of the rule of conquerors. They determined to build for themselves on the shores of the sea a fairer city even than those which they had left.

So long as the new Venice was only a simple community of fisherfolk, there had been no need of government. Each island brought its matters to the head of its noblest family to be settled, and each group lived to itself, the people of Aquileia paying little heed to their neighbors across the water who had come from Altinum. But the rule of the Lombards was rough on the mainland. They threatened evil constantly to the island people from the shores, and the sea was infested by pirates who attacked them from the water. No single settlement could defend itself from these dangers. Moreover, there were disputes between the islands over fishing and trade rights. The people of the lagoon called an assembly to elect twelve officers, one for each island, who should together manage their affairs. Even this did not prove sufficient for their protection, as the Lombard dukes made new

efforts to rule them and the Slavic pirates descended more frequently upon them.

Then Christopher, patriarch of the largest island, called all the people together and said to them: "The quarrels between our tribunes and the islands which they represent are endangering our lives and safety as well as the independence which we hold so dear. Only in union shall we be able to stand against our foes. Let us choose one man as head of our state, and let all our councils and assemblies be under his guidance."

The people knew that he was right, and they chose for themselves a duke or "doge" as they called him, who should manage their affairs of state. He was no king, for he was always to be elected by the people. In the ceremony attending his election and inauguration were the signs of his obedience to their will. When they had elected him by acclamation, shouting their approval when the favored name was spoken, they carried him on their shoulders to the church. This he entered barefoot in sign of his humility. Here he swore to govern according to the laws and to work always for the good of the people. For a thousand years while kings and popes ruled the rest of Italy, Venice elected its doge and was ruled by him.

No prosperous city is safe from the envy and covetousness of its powerful neighbors. The city of Venice had to meet the test of its freedom many times. If its foundation had not been strongly laid

on the principles of liberty, it would have fallen prey to its enemies a score of times during the long centuries.

At one time the leaders of the Lombard cities went to the Roman general who ruled all Italy and said: "These people who live over there on the water come from the cities where we now live. If they had stayed where they belonged, they would have been under our control. Why should a few yards of water between us give them the right to be an independent state?"

"We have made these islands habitable," replied the Venetians, when the word of this embassy was brought to them. "They would have been worth nothing if we had not labored over them. The creator has a right to his creation. These islands belong to those who made them, the waters, to those who know how to defend them. We have the right to be free."

Fifty years later the Emperor of Constantinople sent his minister, Longinus, to see this province of Italy which he had lately acquired when the western part of the Roman Empire had fallen to pieces. The Venetians gave Longinus an imposing welcome. They were a trading people and desired to be in friendly relation to the Eastern empire. But when he urged them to declare themselves its subjects, they made once again their proud answer: "No conqueror has ever stepped on these islands. God, who is our help and protection, has saved us in order that we may dwell securely on

these watery marshes. No power of emperor or prince can reach us save by the sea alone, and of them we have no fear."

"Truly I have found you a great people with a strong habitation," replied Longinus. "Dwelling in this security, you need fear no emperor or prince."

More even than the Eastern empire did Venice desire a favorable trade treaty. Her wealth depended on it. But when Longinus proposed it, they brought up their one condition.

"We will enter into a trade treaty," they said, "provided that we have to take no oath of allegiance or submission."

"No oath shall be required of you," he replied.

The Venetians furnished Longinus a vessel and escorted him with all honor to Constantinople where the treaty was signed which recognized Venice for the first time as an independent state.

Two hundred years passed, and the city on the lagoons had become fair and strong when a new power appeared in Italy. Charlemagne crossed the Alps, destroyed the Lombard kingdom, and was crowned in Rome. The Venetians saw their powerful neighbors on the mainland humbled, but the emperor did not have time to cross over to them. Their hour came in the days of his son Pepin who called himself king over Italy. He sent word to the people of this state which claimed its freedom at his very doors that they were part of his

realm and were to furnish him troops and vessels.

The Venetians knew that this was a serious matter in which they found themselves, but they did not hesitate. While they were sending their refusal to King Pepin, they were moving their women and children to the little island of Rialto which lay in the center of the lagoon, protected by the outer rim of islands from any attack by sea or land. Meanwhile the fighting men established themselves on the outer islands, there to wait for King Pepin.

They had not long to wait. Pepin was angry at their message. He had other and important business on hand, but as his fleet and part of his army were in northern Italy, he thought it would be a simple matter to go over and deal with this offending people before he moved on to his greater enterprises.

Pepin and his army lay encamped before Venice for six months. They tried to get over to the islands by a bridge of pontoons which they spent weeks in building; but the Venetians stood on the neighboring islands and shot arrows and heavy missiles into their midst, and the bridge fell through with the great weight of soldiers which was put upon it. They tried to attack by sea and succeeded in taking all the outer islands, but as they floated triumphantly into the lagoon, the tide went out. Their vessels, built for deep waters, were stranded on the shoals and lay at the mercy of the Venetian archers.

There the city lay, with its domes and its spires standing out clear against the sky. But six miles of winding channels and treacherous shoals lay between Pepin and his desire. Summer came and fever began to spread through his army.

Standing on the mainland, with the Venetians waiting at a safe distance in their boats and on the nearest island, he made his last appeal.

"Ye are my subjects," he proclaimed in a loud voice, "since ye come from my lands to your island home."

"We did not come over here to have a ruler," replied the Venetians. Pepin and his army departed. The Venetians had made good their claim. They could preserve liberty within their own state; they could repel a foe. All through the Middle Ages this little free state lay between the empires of the East and of the West. For a thousand years, until the coming of Napoleon at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, Venice remained an independent republic.

THE LOMBARD LEAGUE

1162-1183

THE people of Venice found that their strength lay in their separateness. The Lombard cities of Italy learned that their strength lay in union.

Milan learned the lesson first. She was a proud city, strong in her own independence and harsh in her dealings with her weaker neighbors. Stories of the way in which she was oppressing the smaller cities came to Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, who claimed, as Charlemagne had claimed, all Italy as part of his empire. Down he marched on Italy with a great army, determined to show that he was the master of all that kingdom. The Milanese defied him, as it might have been expected they would, admitting his rights as overlord but refusing the complete submission which he demanded. So Milan was put under the ban of the empire, and the city was besieged and taken.

The submission which they had refused was required of the Milanese in a dramatic fashion, so that no man of them should fail to know himself a subject of Emperor Frederick. The whole popu-

lation was formed in a long procession, which was to march out from the city to the plain where the emperor was encamped and there render him allegiance. First came the archbishops and clergy, bearing the sacred vessels; then the nobles, bare-foot and dressed in tattered garments, with their swords slung behind their backs, to show that they were making no further use of these weapons of warfare; and last the common people, with ropes around their necks, to show that they were no longer free men. On foot and in mourning they marched the four miles to the place where Frederick, seated crowned and in royal robes on an improvised throne, was waiting to have them pass in humility before him and to receive from them the keys to their city.

One would have thought the business had been done so completely by this ceremony that no Milanese would have raised his voice in protest against anything the foreign emperor might do. But these were at heart a free people, and no outward ceremony, however severe, can change the heart that does not accept it. The people had thought that, in spite of this overlordship, they were still to appoint their own magistrates, subject to the emperor's approval. This had been a condition of their submission. But Frederick promptly deposed the officers of their choice and put Germans in their places. When these foreigners began to govern their city, the Milanese forgot the ropes which they had tied around their necks



AND LAST THE COMMON PEOPLE, WITH ROPES AROUND
THEIR NECKS

and the swords which they had slung behind their backs and rose in rebellion. In a few weeks Frederick had to return to make war on this city.

This time he took no chances. He called in the rival neighbors of Milan, cities which had been jealous of her power and oppressed by her harsh rule over them, and with their help he destroyed the city. Once more, after many months of siege and starvation, the Milanese marched out of their city gates, this time with ashes on their heads as well as ropes about their necks, and prostrated themselves in good earnest before the conqueror. Now they were not to return. Frederick was more humane than many warriors of his time. He did not put the conquered people to death. But he decreed that they should leave their city forever. They were to set themselves up in four villages on the Lombard plains, building there huts for their dwelling places. Meanwhile the men of the rival Lombard cities completed the conquest by tearing down the city. In six days not one stone remained upon another of the fair city of Milan.

Frederick went back home, leaving his German officers to govern all the Lombard cities. The story which had been begun in Milan was repeated in every town and city. The poor were oppressed by taxes which they could not pay. The people had no share in their own government. There was no redress in the foreign courts which took the place of their own courts of justice. Life became intoler-

able to the freedom-loving Lombards. The cities banded together in a league for liberty.

One day the Milanese, dwelling in their huts, looked out across the plains and saw horsemen coming as if in battle array.

"What army is this?" they said. "Are we not already humbled to the dust?"

But when they reached the villages, the Milanese found that these were friends, not enemies—friends from the rival cities which had been first their unwilling subjects and then their enemies. Oppression by a foreigner had made for them all a common bond of sympathy. The first vote of the new league had been to rebuild the city of Milan which they had helped to tear down, and to restore the citizens to their homes. Now they were come to carry out their pledge.

It was a joyful procession which marched along the route so lately traversed in mourning. Together the Milanese and their neighbors returned to the ruined city. The moats around the town and the city walls were restored first, for defense, and then the houses were rebuilt. Within a short space of time a new and fairer city rose on the ruins of the old, and Milan was once more the central city of the Lombards.

Frederick was too much occupied with affairs at home, where enemies were attacking his kingdom, to come down for seven years to chastise these rebellious cities of his in Italy. Meanwhile the Lombard League grew in strength and unity, until

thirty-six towns and cities had cast in their lot with it.

Then Frederick came down with a mighty army, marching straight on Milan. But this time it was not a single city that he fought. The allies had been preparing themselves in all the years for this day. The battle of Legnano was fought between the Germans and the Lombard League, and the Lombards, fighting on their own home soil and for their own liberties, were victorious. Frederick himself barely escaped with his life.

This time there was no procession of submission. A great congress was called at Venice at which a six years' truce was declared between the emperor and his vassals. By the Peace of Constance, agreed upon at the close of this period of truce, Frederick granted to the members of the Lombard League the three privileges which were to them the symbols of their freedom. Each could make peace or war as an independent city on other cities of Italy; there was to be no interference with the private government of each separate city; and no taxes could be imposed without their consent. Safe in the possession of these cherished rights, the Lombards gave to the Emperor Frederick their allegiance as members of his empire.

The Peace of Constance was a great liberty document, with terms honorable to both sides. It was honorably kept. Within a few years Frederick came once again to visit Lombardy. This time he came not as conqueror but as king, to visit these

free cities of his realm, and was received with loyal allegiance, even in Milan. As he visited that city in peace and observed its prosperity, the emperor spoke his final word: "I love to reward rather than to punish."

THE MEN OF THE FOREST CANTONS

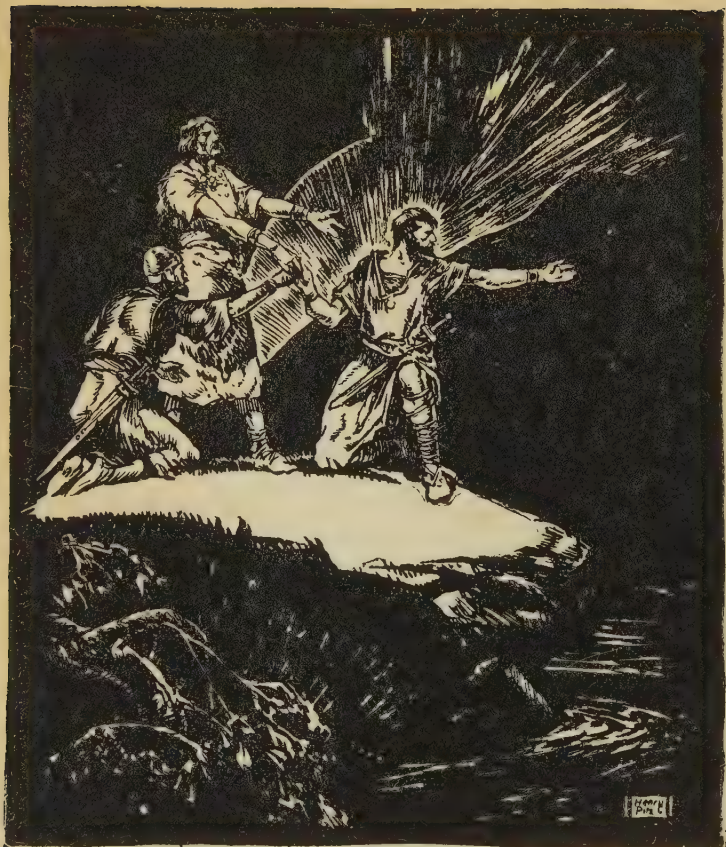
1307-1315

WHEN you go to Lake Lucerne in Switzerland, you will be shown three shrines of liberty: a meadow high on the mountain-side, a flat rock on the edge of the lake, and a statue in a little village square. This is the story of what happened at those places. Much of it is legend; part of it is history. But here is a case where legend is as well worth reading as history, for it gives a true picture of the spirit in which was founded the Swiss Republic, which is to-day the oldest free state in the world.

In the meadow three men of the forest cantons met nightly to plan together for the restoration of Swiss liberty. It was necessary that they meet in secret. The Austrian officers who had come into power in Switzerland when it was taken over as part of the Austrian empire kept sharp watch for any sign of uprising on the part of the people over whom they exercised their tyrannous rule. They knew full well that the Swiss were a proud people, little used to being ruled by any but leaders of their own choosing, and that they resented bitterly the authority which the Austrians were exercising

over them. In no section of the country was there more bitterness than in the forest cantons, or counties, for the men of the lake and mountain regions of Uri, Schwiz, and Unterwalden were a proud people, accustomed for many centuries to freedom. Their "free towns" had paid annual dues to Emperor Charlemagne and to Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg. But these wise rulers had not interfered with the local assemblies, meeting once or twice a year, in which any man who owned "seven feet of land before or behind him" might claim a voice in the affair of his town. The hated Austrian officers, who were taking the place of these town seigniors, were throwing people into prison without giving them any hearing before a judge, robbing the poor of their cattle and their crops under the excuse of taxes, and taking away every cherished right of liberty.

It was not safe to meet in any house, for the Austrian spies were everywhere. So three patriots, Stauffacher of Schwiz, Melchtal of Unterwalden, and Walter Furst of Uri, chose for their meeting place the meadow of Rütli, a steep promontory jutting out over Lake Lucerne, which lay midway between the three cantons. Here they met and compared notes on what was happening in each canton. When they found that the same tyrannies were being practised all through the land, they knew that the time for submission was past. The forest cantons must rise in their might and throw off the yoke of the Austrians. Each agreed to bring to their



BEFORE THEY SEPARATED THE PATRIOTS OF THE
THREE CANTONS TOOK AN OATH

next meeting in the meadow ten men who felt as he did.

On the night of the seventeenth of November in the year 1307, thirty-three patriots from the three cantons met and talked together for long hours in the darkness. Before they separated they took an oath which is known as the Oath of Rütli. Raising their right hands to heaven, they swore in the name of God, before whom kings and peasants are equal, to work together for the liberties of the cantons, to stand for the innocent and oppressed people of the land, to go about arousing their neighbors to a remembrance of their ancient rights, to do no harm to the Austrian governors and officers save as was needful for their lawful liberties, but to see to it that they handed down to their children the freedom which they had received from their fathers. As they spoke the oath, so the story goes, the first rays of the rising sun shone over the mountains and lighted the bared heads and upturned faces of these patriots.

The men of Rütli went down from their mountain to find new tyrannies awaiting them. Gessler, Governor of Uri, had erected a pole in the village square of Altdorf and placed upon it, as the legend tells, a hat. To this hat everyone who passed should bow, with bared head, as though the Emperor of Austria were there and they were bowing before him. At the foot of the pole Gessler set an officer to watch and see that everyone made proper

obeisance. If they did not, they should have cause to repent it.

"What nonsense is this?" said the people. "Does he make mock of our misery, trying to show us that we are slaves?"

On the day after the hat was set up, one of the thirty-three men of Rütli, William Tell, came to Altdorf on business and passed before the hat without bowing to it. When this was reported to Gessler, he had Tell brought before him and asked him why he did not bow before the hat. As the answer Tell gave did not satisfy Gessler, he decided, so the legend runs, to punish him and give the people a lesson in obedience at the same time. Tell was a famous archer, one of the best in all the forest cantons, and he had with him his small son, a child of six.

"Here, Tell," said Gessler. "I hear that thou art a good shot. Thou shalt prove thy skill before me. Thou shalt shoot an apple from the head of this thy son."

In vain Tell protested, begging him for God's sake not to require of him such a terrible deed.

"I would far rather die," he said, "than risk this danger to my son."

"Thou and the child shall both die if thou wilt not obey," replied Gessler.

Tell was led to the village square. His son was placed against the linden tree beside which stood the hated pole, and an apple was laid on the child's head. All the people looked on with pity and fear

and murmured against the tyrant for his cruel plan.

Tell prayed to God to protect him and his loved child. Then he took his crossbow, drew it, and placed the arrow upon it, put another arrow into his jerkin, and shot at the apple. It was so still that one could have heard a single man draw his breath in the square as the arrow whizzed across the space to its mark. It reached that mark and buried itself in the tree behind the child. The boy stepped forward unharmed. The apple fell to the ground. When the people ran to pick it up, the apple had been cleft clean in two.

The tyrant was caught in the toils of his own cruel plan. Tell was the hero of the hour, and he must fain come forward and praise him for his wonderful shot. But as he praised him, there came another thought.

"Why did you place a second arrow in your jerkin?" asked Gessler.

"It is a hunter's custom," replied Tell.

"Come, Tell, give me the truth. The answer thou hast given I know better than to accept. Fear not, thy life shall be safe."

"Well, then," said Tell, "since you have made my life safe, I will tell you the truth. Had I hurt the boy, I would have shot you with that other arrow, and believe me, I should not have missed you."

Gessler turned white and then fire-red with fear and anger when he heard this.

"I have made thy life safe," he said, "and my word shall hold. But thou shalt weary of thy life ere ever it is past, for I will have thee taken to a place where thou shalt lie without seeing the sun or the moon forevermore."

At Gessler's order Tell was bound and taken to a boat which should carry him to the prison into which he was to be cast. His shooting tackle, quiver and arrow and bow, were placed in the boat. Gessler himself went with him to make sure that he was safely delivered to the prison.

As they crossed the lake, a swift storm swept over it, and the waves ran mountain high. All were in danger as the boat was turned this way and that by the winds and waves, until it seemed as if each next wave would send it to the bottom.

Gessler's servants turned to him in their fear and said, "Sir, you see us and our danger. We are not accustomed to sailing on these mountain lakes. Our pilot is unskilled and full of fear. But our prisoner Tell is a powerful man and skillful with a boat on these waters. We should make use of him in this danger."

Gessler was frightened for his own life as the boat tossed up and down, at the mercy of the waves. He ordered Tell loosed from the ropes that bound him, as he lay in the bottom of the boat, and placed at the rudder. Gladly Tell took the rudder and steered the boat through the tumultuous waves. As he steered he looked often at his bow and arrows, and kept watch on the shore, guiding the

boat skillfully towards it. When he came near to a level place, he ordered the boatmen to pull well until they were in front of it. Then he pushed the tiller suddenly with great force, for he was a man of tremendous strength, grasped his shooting tackle, and as the bow of the boat swung sharply about, ran to the front and leaped ashore, pushing the boat back as he did so. The men, taken by surprise and unskillful with their oars, could not turn the boat back towards the shore, but were swept by the wind out into the lake again, while Tell ran swiftly up the mountainside and was lost to sight in the forest.

On the flat rock where tradition has it that Tell leaped ashore, a little chapel has been built. In the meadow of Rütli is shown the place where the patriots met. And in the village square of Altdorf is a statue of William Tell and his small son. In the pages of history you can read how the Swiss rose in revolt against their oppressors, fought at Morgarten and threw off the hated yoke of Austria, and met on the shores of Lake Lucerne in the year 1315 to renew their perpetual league of freedom, thus founding the Swiss Republic, which is to-day the oldest free state in the world.

ADVENTURERS ALL

CHARLEMAGNE AT SCHOOL

A RICH BOY WHO CHOSE TO BECOME POOR
—ST. FRANCIS

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM—COPERNICUS

A YOUNG MAN'S VISION—ISAAC NEWTON

WYCLIF AND HIS "POOR PREACHERS"

"JUNKER GEORG"—MARTIN LUTHER

CHARLEMAGNE AT SCHOOL

800-814

A MAN becomes an adventurer when he steps off the beaten track of his life to enter into some new and exciting enterprise. Adventures will be seen, therefore, to vary according to the temper and habits of those who engage in them. To one man it is an adventure to take a horseback journey into the wilderness; to the woodsman it is an adventure to board a train; while to a third man these two methods of travel may be so familiar that only an airplane journey will provide any thrill of interest or excitement.

To the emperor Charlemagne, being a soldier or a leader of soldiers was no adventure at all. He had led armies to victory all his life. On Christmas Day in the year 800 he had been crowned emperor in the Church of St. Peter's at Rome. He was known all over Europe as the "Man of Iron." Charlemagne's adventure came when he persuaded the learned English scholar Alcuin to come and start the School of the Palace, where he and his courtiers could go to school with their sons and their daughters.

Soldiers were not expected in those days to be scholars. Learning was left to monks and priests. Few knights of the long period of chivalry of the Middle Ages took the trouble to learn to read or write or master enough of the science of numbers to keep their own rude accounts.

But Charlemagne, "barbarian" as the Romans would have called him, King of the Franks, was not satisfied with this state of things. As soon as he was crowned emperor, he made up his mind that he and his people should no longer remain "barbarians." He established the first free public schools in Europe and made a decree that every boy, whether rich or poor, son of a serf or a free-man, should be allowed to attend them. For himself he set up the School of the Palace, where he and his sons, the three princes of the empire, his two archbishops, the queen, and three young princesses were among the pupils. This school traveled with him wherever he went.

Since there were few if any books to be had for the scholars, as this was long before the invention of printing, Alcuin taught by the "question and answer" method. First the pupils asked the questions, and Alcuin gave the answers. Then the tables were turned, and he asked the questions to see whether they knew the answers as he had given them.

"What are the hands?" Pepin, the sixteen-year-old son of the emperor, would be supposed to ask when the subject was physiology.



WHEN CHARLEMAGNE WAS WAKEFUL HE COULD
PRACTISE AT THE FORMING OF LETTERS

"The hands are the workmen of the body," Alcuin would reply.

"And the bones?" Pepin would continue.

"The bones are the strength of the body."

"What is the mouth?"

"The nourisher of the body, since all food comes in through it."

"And the stomach?"

"The cook of the food."

"The head—what is it?" the boy would inquire.

"The preserver of memory."

"And the eyes—what are they?"

"The eyes, my son, are the guides of the body, the organ of light, and the index of the soul."

When twenty-six such questions had been mastered, the subject of physiology was completed. One might then pass on to arithmetic and learn that man lived between six walls, the names of which were "above, below, before, behind, right, and left." Or to natural science, where one learned that spring was "the painter of the earth," with its fresh, bright colors, and autumn "the barn of the year," with its harvest of fruits and grains. Snow was "dry water," the frost "a persecutor of plants and a destroyer of leaves." The sun distributed the hours of the day, the stars made pictures in the roof of heaven and guided the sailors on the seas.

Charlemagne never learned to read or write. He kept wax tablets and steel points beside his bed, so that when he was wakeful he could practise at the forming of letters; but he was too old to learn the

trick of shaping letters into words and sentences. But when it came to asking questions, he went so far ahead of his sons and daughters that even the learned Alcuin had to arise before daybreak to study out answers to the puzzles which the emperor would set before him to solve. He was consumed with curiosity, and there was no subject in the heaven above or the earth beneath his feet that did not awaken in him interest and a desire for further information.

The learning of Greece and Rome had been lost from Europe during the Dark Ages of the barbarian invasion and conquest. The restoration of learning began with the new birth of interest in education under Charlemagne. Had he and his people been content to remain uneducated barbarians, as had Attila and the Huns, the progress of the world would have been delayed for hundreds of years. By his free public schools and his own adventure into learning, Charlemagne started the world on its way into a new age.

A RICH BOY WHO CHOSE TO BECOME POOR

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

1182-1226

BOOKS and magazines are filled with tales of poor boys who have become rich. This is a story of a rich boy who threw away his wealth and in so doing became more famous than all the rich men of his time.

He hated poverty, this gay, extravagant lad. His father, who was a prosperous cloth merchant in the Italian town of Assisi, kept Francis's purse filled with gold even while he scolded him for his reckless spending. "You behave more like a prince than like our son," his mother said to him. Yet the boy knew that both his father and his mother were proud that he was the chosen leader of the young nobles of the town instead of being known simply as Francis Bernardone, the cloth merchant's son.

Francis had formed these young men into a court of chivalry, after the fashion of the French troubadours of the time, and went forth every evening as king of his court, parading the streets with a gay company who sang love songs and shouted and frolicked through the silent town long after

cloth merchants and other sober citizens were in bed. But those who shook their heads at the sounds that came to their ears by night knew that however the rest of the young gallants might be spending the daylight hours, their leader, Francis Bernardone, would be found the next morning selling bales of cloth over the counter of his father Pietro's booth in the cloth market.

One day something happened there which scandalized the merchants so that it was told all over Assisi before night.

"Do you know what that crazy boy of Bernardone's did to-day?" they said. "He was alone in his booth making a sale of velvets to a buyer from Sienna, when a beggar who had gotten into the market place in spite of the rules pushed into the shop and began to beg alms. The booth was filled with customers, and Francis ordered him off, as he should have done. The man from Sienna says that he remembers that, though the boy was courteous to him and carried the transaction through, his mind did not seem to be on the trade he was making. The minute the money was passed and the cloth delivered, the boy leaped over the counter and was gone, leaving all his valuable wares unprotected while he hunted for that beggar. The fellow had been ordered out of the market place by the guards. So off Francis dashed, hatless, his purse open in his hand where any robber could have snatched it, down the street which someone told him the beggar had taken. When he finally



FRANCIS POURED ALL THE SILVER AND GOLD IN HIS
PURSE INTO THE MAN'S HAND

came upon him, he shouted joyfully, '*Ecco*, I have found you,' and poured all the silver and gold in his purse into the man's hand. The beggar was so startled that he stared, without a word of thanks. But when Francis stood still in the little alley and vowed to God that never so long as he lived would he again refuse help to a poor man, they said there were tears in the man's eyes, and he followed the boy back to the edge of the market place as if he could not bear to take his eyes off him."

The tale dropped out of the town talk in a day or two, as all tales do, but it was remembered when Francis had become famous.

Pietro did not keep him regularly at his cloth selling. Perhaps he saw that it was of no use to try to make a merchant of him. Francis had a long illness, and started off shortly after his recovery to be a soldier. He had always wanted to be a knight, and in a dream he saw himself in his father's shop, but instead of the rolls of cloth on the shelves there were piles of bright shields and shining armor. "All this shall belong to you and your warriors," a voice in his dream said. So when the chance to be a soldier came, off he went to the wars. "I shall come back a great prince," he called with a gay gesture of farewell to those who had escorted him to the city gates.

But in a few days he rode back, disheartened and alone, for sickness had overtaken him on the road, and he had come to know that he had mis-

taken the meaning of his vision and that he must return to his home.

They must have laughed at him in Assisi when he came trailing back after his grand departure. But their laughter mattered little compared with the distress in his own mind. He was to take up arms. That the vision had made plain. But in what battle, and for what cause? We, looking back, know that he was to found the great Franciscan Brotherhood which was to pass on his name and his spirit down the centuries. But at this time he was only a youth seeking with what light he had to find out what his life was to be.

He went back to his old routine, selling cloth by day and leading his court of love in evening gayeties. But one night when the troupe of gallants came to their destination, their king was missing. They returned to the town and found him standing in one of the narrow streets, royal scepter in hand, deep in meditation. When they spoke to him, he looked at them as if they were strangers, so far away was he in his own thoughts. After that he spent many nights alone or with a single friend in a cave outside the city, pondering and praying to be shown what God would have him do with his life.

Poverty was much on his mind. It was a time when there was a sharp line drawn between rich and poor, and those on the one side knew little of the sufferings of those on the other. Francis would stop a beggar on the street and exchange clothes

with him, then go begging for food from door to door. He was trying to find out how it felt to be poor.

The crisis came when he went on a business journey for his father and stopped on the way home to give the money he had received from his sales to a little church which he proposed to rebuild. This was too much for his practical father. He had Francis put for a time under lock and key in his home, and finally, when the young man had left home and gone out into the country to lead a hermit's life, he appeared against him in the bishop's court.

One can hardly blame Pietro. What was to be done with a son who seemed to have no sense of money values and was as likely to give money away as to put it back into the business? Francis did not understand himself. He was still groping in darkness, not knowing what the strange impulses which seized him meant or where they would lead him.

But he who truly seeks with his whole heart and mind for the way of his life will surely find it. Before the bishop, as he stood in court, Francis's great moment of illumination came. The bishop, having heard the case, told him that he must restore to his father the money that was due him for the cloth and the horse which he had sold. No blessing could follow a good work begun by taking money that belonged to another.

"My lord," said the young man cheerfully, "I

will give him gladly not only the money but also the clothes I have received from him."

Before anyone could think what he was about, Francis had stripped off his costly scarlet doublet, his scarlet hose, his white linen shirt, and his fine under-garments. As he pulled each off, he threw it at his father's feet. In an instant he stood before them all clad only in his shirt, and when they looked at it, they saw that it was a hair shirt such as monks and penitents wear for a penance in order that their skin may be constantly tortured by its rough prickling surface.

He turned to them all.

"Listen," he said, "to what I have to say. Up to this time I have called Pietro di Bernardone 'father.' Now I restore to him not only the money but everything that can be called his. Hereafter I call only God my father."

He knelt to receive the bishop's blessing and went out as he was from the room. Snow was on the ground; the air was cold. Half-naked, Francis walked out into his new life; and like the gallant, happy youth he was, as he went he burst into a song of joy. The troubadour spirit had been carried over into his new vocation. Wherever he went and whatever he did, he would be the joyful Troubadour of God.

The moment passed, as great moments do. But the purpose lasted. Francis did not withdraw from the world. He could not be a monk shut up within walls of a monastery, nor a hermit living apart in

a remote cave. He went daily into the town to beg for bread he needed for food. Before long he was out on a new quest, begging all over the countryside for building stones, for he had turned his energy to the rebuilding of a little tumbledown church and needed stones for his work.

In that church he had his vision.

The tossing of his clothes at the feet of his father had been a private matter of his own life. Listening one day to the service as it was read in the little church, he heard words read from the Bible which recalled that act of his. "Take neither gold nor silver nor money in your purse, nor two cloaks nor a staff," the priest read.

"When and to whom were those words said?" Francis asked the priest when the service was over.

"When our Lord bade his apostles go forth into the world," was the reply.

Francis had never heard this story. The Bible was not in the hands of the people in those days, and though Francis had been to common school, he was no scholar. When the words were read to him again, he knew they were for him as they had been for the disciples of Jesus in the early days.

"Here is what I was looking for," he exclaimed joyfully. "Here is what I will do."

Once more he threw off his garments, poor as they were, and in place of the cloak spoken of in the Bible verse, he took in exchange for his own outer garments the long brown tunic of a peasant who stood by. For a girdle he tied around him a

piece of rope which happened to be lying on the ground. He picked up a piece of mortar from the pile of tools with which he had been working and chalked a white cross on the front of the old brown tunic. So clad, he was ready to fulfil his new calling.

Ten years later five thousand Little Brothers of the Poor were wearing the brown tunic and the rope girdle as a sign that they had parted with their wealth and given themselves wholly to the service of God, working among the poor and sick, lepers and those who were in need.

It was not poverty for its own sake that St. Francis cared for. But in a time when churches and priests and monks were in danger of being smothered with wealth and earthly possessions, and when the rich and the poor were as far apart as north and south, he went to the heart of the whole matter by setting himself free from the bondage of riches. So freed, he sallied forth into the world and lived in the sight of all men joyously as a sign of the joy which might come to all who so freed themselves.

Some call St. Francis the world's first democrat, since he was not blinded by the fact of a man's being rich or poor but looked through these outer things to see the man within. He did more than see the man. He saw him, not as the world saw him, but as God saw him, and he loved him, in his measure, as God loved him. In a day when there were no hospitals and the misery of the sick and the poor must needs press heavily on the heart of every

lover of mankind, he and his followers lived among people who were in need and loved and served them. By throwing away all possessions they won for themselves freedom of spirit and power to serve. In becoming poor, St. Francis became rich in freedom, rich towards God and man.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM

C O P E R N I C U S

1 5 4 3

AN OLD man lay on his bed in a little Polish town, waiting for his book to come from the printer. They told him that he was dying, but he knew that he could not die until he held in his hand his book. As he lay there, he thought back over his life and remembered when this idea, this dream of his, which he was giving to mankind, first came to him.

It had begun when as a boy, in the University of Cracow, Poland, he had been taught in his astronomy course the bewildering theory of Ptolemy, put forth fourteen hundred years earlier, as to the way the sun, moon, and stars moved in the heavens, and the reason for those movements. He had finished his studies with high honor at Cracow, completing a medical course and becoming "Dr. Nicholas Copernicus," practising physician. From Poland he had gone to Italy to study at the Universities of Padua and Bologna. At the age of twenty-seven he had been honored by a call to be professor of mathematics at Rome. Here he had had to teach astronomy, and while he had given to his classes

this theory of Ptolemy with its circles within circles and imaginary points in the heavens and elaborate mathematical calculations, he had found himself wondering as he had wondered in his student days if it were true. Did one have to go through all this to account for the way that day followed night and summer followed winter and the planets moved in the heavens? Was there not a simpler explanation, if only the mind of man could find it?

Copernicus had not stayed long at Rome, but had returned to Poland where he took the holy orders. But though he had been both priest and physician in the little town of Frauenburg, he had always kept up his study of astronomy. With the study his dream had grown. He had come to see a new way in which all the movements of the earth and the stars might be explained.

His book had not been written quickly, as many books are written nowadays. The idea was too new and too revolutionary to be treated lightly. One does not change the whole thinking of mankind without pause for proof and reflection. He had spent seven years on the first study and the writing of the first draft of his manuscript. That, he figured as he lay on his bed, was nearly thirty years ago. News of his ideas began to leak out through his students, and scholars came from all over Europe to inquire about them. His enemies had ridiculed them and called him a dangerous and visionary radical, until his place in his church was in

real danger. But he had gone quietly on, studying, thinking, fitting new facts into his plan and rearranging old ones.

The years had passed quickly, until it had come to him as a surprise that he was an old man, nearly seventy years old. What he did must be done quickly. He could not expect to spend many more years in proving his theory. Other scholars must do that. But he must give it to the world. If his enemies made trouble for him now, they could do him no great harm. He had long dreamed of seeing his work in print, by the wonderful new system of movable types that Gutenberg had given to the world a hundred years before. At last he had written the last word and handed his precious manuscript to a disciple of his in Nuremberg who was printing it for him.

The manuscript had been gone for a year and a half now, but word had come to him that the last sheets were being pulled on the presses, and that soon the bound volume would be in his hands.

He had acted none too soon in sending it away, for now they told him that he was dying—and still the book had not come. It must come. He could not, he would not die without seeing that book.

As he lay there waiting, he thought it all through, how the idea which was the keynote of his work had come to him, and how he had seen it grow. Ptolemy had made the earth the center of the universe. All his scheme was based on the idea that the planets and even the sun itself revolved



WITH THE STUDY THE DREAM OF COPERNICUS
HAD GROWN

around the earth. But how hard it had been to make the facts fit into the Ptolemaic theory! Fourteen hundred years of study had not made it any easier. Once in a while some scholar remembered that there had been an older theory, proposed by the ancients, that the sun was the center of the universe, and that the earth as well as the other planets revolved around it. But the Church had set this idea aside, preferring to think of man as the lord of creation, placed at the center of the universe on a fixed and immovable planet. All science and art and literature had been built on Ptolemy's theory. The sailors who adventured into unknown seas charted their course in the belief that the sun swung in its course around their little vessels as they traveled over the surface of the world.

Copernicus smiled as he lay there thinking of his book. It would soon be out, and in it men would read the startling, revolutionary sentence:

"The earth is not the center of the universe; the earth is in motion around the sun."

It was true. Copernicus knew that it was true. He had not had time nor knowledge, even in his long life, to prove it fully. But his book gave a mass of facts which all pointed that way. On the old theory everything was complicated and difficult. But, as he had frequently told visiting scholars, everything fitted with a beautiful simplicity when he "placed the torch of the world, that Sun which governs all the family of the planets, on his royal throne in the midst of Nature's temple."

The book came. The dream of Copernicus was fulfilled. He lived to hold in his hands the printed volume in which he gave his idea to the world.

But even his dream did not go so far as to see what that moment was to mean in freeing the thoughts of mankind from the shackles of an ancient idea. "It had been the fortune of other men than Copernicus," writes a modern scientist, "to render immense service to science: but it has never before been given to any philosopher to alter, for every thinking man, his entire view of the world; to face the whole human race in a new direction; to lay the foundation for all subsequent intellectual progress."

A YOUNG MAN'S VISION

ISAAC NEWTON

1665

THE story of Isaac Newton's great discovery is the story of an arithmetical example which came out wrong, and then, many years later, came out right.

In the fall of 1665 the University of Cambridge, England, was closed on account of the Great Plague, and young Isaac Newton went home on vacation to his country village. It was good for him to have this time to himself. Until he went to college he had never taken his studies very seriously. Of a mechanical turn of mind, he had been too much interested in his own projects, carried on outside of school hours, to rank high in his school work. He was always making little models of machines—windmills, water clocks, and other ingenious contrivances. All the village told time by a sundial known as "Isaac's Dial."

At college he had been plunged into studies which thrilled and absorbed him. As in the days of Copernicus, astronomy was the outstanding subject of the time. For some reason men of that time

found it easier to work out the laws of the things about them from studying the ways of the heavenly bodies than in any other way. Newton had noted certain rings around the moon and begun to make calculations to account for them. Indeed, he had become so fascinated with his study of the moon and of comets that he had made himself ill by spending his nights watching the sky instead of sleeping. That was why this vacation was a very good thing for him.

But even in vacation his mind ran on the discoveries which had opened a new world to him at Cambridge. In later years, when an older scholar complimented him on one of his remarkable discoveries, Newton modestly replied: "If I have seen further than others, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants." Newton did live in a time when he could "stand on the shoulders of giants." Galileo had died in the year of his birth. In the previous century Tycho Brahe had made, for the scholar's love of it, a careful study of the position of seven hundred stars. Taking the assertion of the master Copernicus that the planets moved around the sun, Kepler, with Brahe's figures in hand, had been able to make a chart of the exact positions and movements of those planets. Galileo, scanning the heavens with the telescope of his invention, had made great discoveries regarding the laws of motion in the heavens. All these matters had been opened up to Newton in his studies at Cambridge. Now he was come home, a young man of twenty-

three, to the little village where he was to have the moment of vision by means of which he was to stand out in the world of knowledge as a giant himself.

It came simply, as great moments often do. He sat in his garden thinking of the facts which Kepler had so lately announced concerning the exact movements of the planets as they swung around the sun. As he sat there, puzzling his mind over what could be the force which kept those planets swinging in their circles day after day, year after year, following with no hand to guide them exactly the same paths through the wide stretches of space, an apple fell from a tree to the ground. Watching it, Newton sat up suddenly with a new idea.

The apple fell to the ground because of a force called "gravitation," which was another way of saying that the earth pulled it towards itself. Galileo had known that. Perhaps Archimedes of ancient times had known it. But as the apple fell, the idea crossed the young student's mind that the sun might be pulling the earth and the other planets towards itself and holding them in their orbits by the same force by means of which the earth pulled that apple to itself. How marvelous it would be if a single force and a single law ruled the movements of all the moving bodies in the universe!

How was he to know if this were true? His studies had taught him that it would be proved or disproved by an example in arithmetic.

Newton seized paper and pencil and went to

work. With the figures of the distances between the sun and the earth and of the size of the earth, as they were then reckoned, he laid out his example, knowing that if his idea were correct it should come out with a certain answer. Eagerly he worked through columns and columns of figures. They did not come out right. He tried it again. Still they did not come out as they should. With a sigh he laid his papers aside. Some other force must be acting on the planets, or something be interfering in the regular motion of those bodies. It was not so simple as he had hoped.

But that arithmetical example was destined to come out right. Years later, when Newton was a professor at the University of Cambridge, a distinguished scholar in Paris made a new set of measurements of the size of the earth and found mistakes in the figures which everyone had used up to that time. Where Newton, using the old figures, had reckoned a certain unit of distance at sixty miles, it was actually nearer seventy. This was a small difference in a simple, short example. But when this number was multiplied by other larger figures, as it had been in Newton's calculations, the final answer would come out very far from right.

Newton did not hear for a time of this new table of distances. When he did, he was reminded of his old idea, which he had laid aside for many years, and of the figuring that had come out wrong.



NEWTON SAT IN HIS GARDEN PUZZLING OVER THE
FORCE WHICH KEPT THOSE PLANETS SWINGING

Again he took pencil and paper and laid out the example. This time it came out right.

He at once dropped everything else and set to work to prove in detail that one law controlled the movements of the sun and stars as well as the falling of an apple from a tree. It was a gigantic task. Only the mind of a genius could have carried it through. For two years he gave himself wholly to this study. He would forget for hours and days at a time to eat or sleep except as his companions forced food upon him and dragged him away from his figures to rest. But in the end he proved that the one law held for all the universe. All later knowledge of astronomy, of mechanics, and of motion is built on "Newton's law of moving bodies." Trains, automobiles, and airplanes move according to that law. The derrick lifting a pile of building material to the top of a skyscraper is regulated by the engineer who guides it according to the figures of that law, which tells the astronomer with equal surety when and where to journey to observe an eclipse of the sun or moon.

A giant, standing on the shoulders of giants, Sir Isaac Newton looked into the machinery of the universe and discovered this law. Archimedes had caught a glimpse of it hundreds of years before. In our own day another giant, Einstein, has stood on Newton's shoulders and sought to find out another law which shall supplement that of Newton. Never has the relation between science and man's freedom been so plain as in the Twentieth Cen-

ture. Knowing a law, man is freed from the limitations of his own ignorance, and proceeds promptly to apply it. As the airplane has swept him into a new kingdom, so every important discovery tends to make him more and more the master of his world.

WYCLIF AND HIS "POOR PREACHERS"

1380-1384

TRANSLATING a book from Latin into English hardly seems an adventurous undertaking. It recalls too clearly our own schoolday struggles with *Cæsar's Gallic Wars*. To get the least thrill out of it we have to put ourselves back into the days of John Wyclif, in the century before the invention of printing, when the English language was being born.

If you had been a boy or girl of good family living in England at that time, you would have been taught French as the "polite" language of society. With tradesfolk and servants you would have spoken a dialect English, but your school training would have been to read and write and converse in French. Latin was the learned language, used in law courts and churches. That, too, would have been part of your education. But not written English. Even the history of England as we have it in "chronicles" from the days of William the Conqueror and the Norman invasion was written until the Fourteenth Century in French.

But England in these days was coming into its

own as a nation. The most important sign of this new national independence came while John Wyclif was a student at Oxford. In October, 1363, Edward the Third ordered that Parliament be opened with an English speech and that henceforth law courts allow those who came before them to plead their case in English. We can imagine how the patriotic Oxford boys, with Wyclif among them, must have rejoiced at this triumph of their mother tongue.

Wyclif loved his England. He liked to go out from his study at Oxford and talk with tradesfolk and farmers. The church of his day seemed to him to be failing to serve these common people as it should. It was too far away from their needs. There must be some way to bridge the gap between its learning and their daily lives.

As he came, in his own reading, to have a great love and respect for the Bible, he felt that here was the book which would help the village priests and the teachers of the schools to train their people in the true way of life. The Bible was the textbook of the faith of the Church, but how was the average churchman to know anything about it if he could neither read nor understand the Latin language in which it was written? Wyclif decided to make use of his scholarship by translating the Latin Bible into English, the new English which was just coming into its own.

His was not the first translation. Certain parts of the Bible had been put into English earlier in



CARRYING IN THEIR HANDS ONLY THE PRECIOUS ROLLS
OF MANUSCRIPT ON WHICH WERE WRITTEN IN
ENGLISH A FEW CHAPTERS FROM
THE BIBLE

the century. But to Wyclif and his fellow workers belongs the honor of being the first to translate the whole Bible into the English language. Because the language was then so new, this book is one of the earliest written in our own tongue, a book that helped greatly in the making of our language by putting into written form many words and phrases which had never been put on paper before. Wyclif's Bible is always named as one of the landmarks in this history of English speech.

But Wyclif did not make this translation simply as a scholar. He wanted to get the Bible to the people. How could he do it in this Fourteenth Century, before the art of printing was dreamed of, when all books had to be copied by hand, and when most of the people of England could neither read nor write?

He took the oldest and the most modern way of making anything known. He sent out men into every village and hamlet of England, carrying with them a few pages of his precious book. In response to his call for volunteers who would undertake this business of spreading the Word of God, men from every class in society offered themselves. For simplicity's sake they put aside their own clothes, which would have shown whether they were knight or scholar or yeoman, and adopted a uniform costume—a broad hat, a sheepskin robe, sandals, and a long staff. Carrying in their hands only the precious rolls of parchment on which were written in English a few chapters from the

Bible, they went out along the highways and byways, stopping at village greens and town squares and in friendly farmhouses to read their message and teach the truth as they saw it.

There was no formal organization. Few of the names of these "poor preachers" are known. But wholly aside from what their message was, they deserve to be remembered as the first teachers who went out with pages of written English, pages from the most precious book in the world, **which** they were making known to the common people of England. They were persecuted for their teaching. Many of them spent long years in prison and many suffered beatings and other tortures in those days when freedom was coming slowly in England. But they had made a beginning. From the time of the coming of English speech and English ways the voice of the common people was heard in England.

JUNKER GEORG"—MARTIN LUTHER

I 5 2 I

I NEITHER can nor will recant anything, for it is neither safe nor right to act against one's conscience. God help me. Amen."

The words rang out clearly in the great assembly hall at Worms where Charles, Emperor of Germany, sat with princes and cardinals, scholars and churchmen, to pass judgment on the peasant scholar-monk, Martin Luther, whose protest against certain practises of the church of his day had stirred all Christendom and brought him before this august company to answer for his words. He had attempted to argue for the reforms on which his heart was set, but they had stopped him, asking only that he speak out clearly whether he would go back on what he had written or taught or would not. Now he had spoken, in words that no one could mistake, the words of a brave man, whatever the merit of his views or beliefs.

"I neither can nor will recant anything," Martin Luther had said, and with those words began the great Protestant Reformation that was to sweep over Europe, unseating kings, dividing kingdoms and churches, and changing the face of history.

"I am through, I am through!" he had cried joyously as he returned to his lodgings after the ordeal was over. In a few days Luther set forth for home with an imperial safe-conduct that he should not be thrown into prison for twenty days. City after city showered honors on him as he passed through, for he was the hero of the German people. "Nine tenths of the Germans shout 'Long live Luther,'" one of the delegates to the Diet at Worms had remarked, and it was true, for he stood in the minds of the common people for German independence and freedom of thought. Yet all who shouted for him as he rode through their cities knew that the temper of the Diet had been against him and that in a few days he might suffer imprisonment or banishment, possibly death, for the bold utterance of his views. Perhaps for that very reason they shouted the more, for all the world does honor to a brave man.

But Luther's friends, among whom was counted the elector Frederick of Saxony, had planned otherwise. On the twenty-sixth of April he left the city of Worms. Eight days later, as he rode through the Thuringian forest, he and his party were halted by a group of masked, armed horsemen who separated him from his followers and led him for many miles through the winding ways of the forest to the Wartburg Castle. It was a prearranged hold-up. His friends felt that he should be kept out of sight until the feeling against him had died down. Luther himself had been reluctant to con-



IT WAS A STRANGE LIFE FOR LUTHER, A LONELY AND
UNACCUSTOMED LIFE

sent to such an arrangement, for his proud spirit prompted him to face the worst, regardless of consequences. But the wise elector had taken matters into his own hands and acted, stipulating that not even he himself should know exactly where Luther was living, but only that he be safely hidden.

The Wartburg is one of the finest castles in Germany, beautifully located at the top of a high hill. In it can be seen to-day the room to which Luther was taken at midnight on that May day and where he lived for nearly a year, the honored captive of his well-wishers. It is a small room with stone walls and floor, furnished with stove, bedstead, table, and the stump of a tree for a stool. From the window Luther could look out over the far reaches of unending forest.

“Junker Georg” they called him, and he was supposed by the servants and guests to be a knight living in retirement. He laid aside his monk’s robes and donned the costume of a knight, wearing the gold chain and carrying the sword of knighthood. When he had let his hair and beard grow, it was safe for him to walk about with an escort in the forest. But he was a prisoner, carefully watched and guarded lest his identity become known and some harm befall him.

It was a strange life for Luther, a lonely and unaccustomed life. It is no easy matter for the leader of a great movement to be taken out of the world and left in solitude while the cause he loves is carried on by others. Outwardly it would seem

as if his efforts had failed and his lifework was at an end.

But lonely though he was, and often discouraged, he met his test like the brave man he was. Soon he was writing at the table in his room, and before many weeks had gone by he conceived the idea of making his own translation of the Bible directly from the Greek and Hebrew texts into the German language. His was a different task from that of Wyclif in England nearly one hundred and fifty years earlier. There were other German Bibles which with the new art of printing were being scattered through Germany. But to Luther as to Wyclif the Bible was the last word of authority. That was one message of the Reformation. Like Wyclif, Luther desired to make it a living book in the common speech of the people.

Brought up in a peasant home, then trained in the highest schools, he knew both the language of the court and the speech of daily life. "I have tried to talk German," he says, "not Latin or Greek," and again, "You must get your German from the mother in the home, the child in the street, the common man in the market place." Sometimes he sought for two and three weeks for the right word to convey the meaning of a Greek or Hebrew phrase. But he was not content till he found it. In three months he had translated the New Testament, and it was on the printing presses. No special preachers were needed to make this book known. The presses could not print copies fast enough. To

a Germany still divided into many provinces, with many dialects, yet striving for a new freedom, this book went forth in the language of the people.

History presents many pictures from the life of Martin Luther, but is there any greater than the moment when he declared before kings and courtiers, bishops and cardinals, that he would not recant anything since it was “neither safe nor right to act against one’s conscience?” That was the great moment in the eyes of history, but it was equaled if not overreached in those quiet months when alone, a prisoner, set aside from his chosen work, he still did not recant or repine, but set himself as “Junker Georg” to do that service for the German people which is to-day recognized as one of the most important acts of his life.

LANDMARKS OF LIBERTY

BRIDGING A THOUSAND YEARS—IN ICELAND
THE SIGNING OF THE MAGNA CARTA
THE "BEGGARS" OF HOLLAND

BRIDGING A THOUSAND YEARS

IN ICELAND

874-1874, 930-1930

WHEN we Americans are tempted to think that free institutions began with the assembling of the Continental Congress or the Declaration of Independence, we do well to look across the seas to the little, northern island of Iceland, whence came those bold Vikings who adventured forth across the Atlantic Ocean to our own "Vinland" five hundred years before Columbus approached our shores from the south. The same spirit which was to send them across the seas inspired them to settle Iceland and later Greenland as lands of freedom. While we count our national history by decades within the span of two and three hundred years, they can celebrate in this Twentieth Century the thousandth anniversary of the opening of their assembly or *Althing*.

Before we attend in imagination the meeting of this first *Althing*, in the summer of the year 930, we must go back to the time when the first Viking vessels sailed over from Norway to the uninhabited shores of Iceland. Iceland was settled as a protest against taxation and other measures of overlord-

ship set up by Harald Fairhair when, in 872, he proved himself in battle the strongest chieftain in Norway and so became its king. Proud chieftains like Ingolf Arnarson and Erik the Red, father of Leif the Lucky, the discoverer of Vinland, would brook no such treatment from one of their own number, but took to their trusty ships and sailed with all their possessions to this island where they could live in freedom. They did not, in the two hundred years of the gradual colonization of Iceland, wholly give up their connection with the motherland. From their safe distance they still recognized their relation to the kings of Norway and referred certain matters of dispute to them. But while they were still Norwegian citizens, they set up in Iceland a form of government fashioned after their own ideas of the freedom which was becoming to a group of independent chieftains.

At first they had no central government. Each chieftain ruled his own people on the land which he had taken for his own. But Iceland was too small and the influx of colonists too swift for these groups to succeed long in completely ignoring one another.

In the summer of the year 930 Iceland held its first national assembly, and all the people went up, as they were to go each year for hundreds of years, to celebrate. The event had been well planned. In order to have a code of laws to present to the meeting, a man by the name of Ulfljot had been sent over to Norway to study for three years its

laws. While he was away, his foster-brother, Grim Geitsko, had been charged with the duty of choosing a suitable meeting place for the assembly. That Ulfjot did his work well is shown by the fact that his "law" or "constitution" was the law of the land for hundreds of years; that Grim was equally successful we can see with our own eyes if we ever have the opportunity to visit the picturesque spot where Iceland held its annual *Althing* all through the early Middle Ages. It is interesting that the independent Icelanders submitted voluntarily to their first tax, of one *peningr* by each freeman, to pay Grim for his work in selecting the place and preparing for the assembly, and that Grim was sufficiently wealthy and public-spirited to turn this payment back to the nation for support of the temple worship.

One of the national *Althings* would have been as interesting to visit as one of the great medieval tournaments—more interesting, for along with the games and sports and other forms of entertainment went also the important business of law-making and government.

Grim had chosen a convenient and impressive place on the banks of the river Oxara, north of one of Iceland's lakes. Here was an ancient lava bed, making a natural stronghold of a plain several miles in length, shut in by perpendicular walls of lava. Breaks in the lava cliffs made entrance to the plain possible, but when one had entered, one was as shut off from the outer world as in a fort.

At one end of the valley was the Mount of Laws. Every year the Speaker of the Law, the *Althing's* only chosen officer, proclaimed from this height the law of the land. It was two hundred years before it was found necessary to write down this law. With the marvelous memory which has brought down to us the old Icelandic sagas, this speaker, chosen for a three-year term of service, recited to the people the growing law of the land, adding to the recital each year the laws adopted in the previous assembly. Other national assemblies have had their presiding officers, but no man in history has ever held a place like that of the Icelandic Speaker of the Law. He was the living voice of the law, which was the keynote of the nation's government. No chieftain would bow to the authority of another chieftain. That was intolerable to their proud spirits. But all would bow to the law which they had together ordained.

As the years went on the Law Speaker became, because of his knowledge of the law, not only its spokesman but also its judge and interpreter. His decisions were as final as those of our own Supreme Court. When it came to a great event like the decision in the year 1000 whether Iceland should or should not adopt Christianity as the national religion, it was the Law Speaker who, after hearing the claims of heathen and Christian chieftains, retired to his tent for three days and three nights to study the new religion and ponder the question, and then came forth to proclaim from the Mount

of Laws on the fourth day that all Icelanders were to be baptized and called Christians, though the worship of the old gods might continue in private homes.

Below the Mount of Laws was the place, sacred to members, where the *Althing* met. Beyond on the plains were the tents and wooden booths in which the people lived during their two weeks' stay. It was a big company. Everybody who could possibly get away from his home and his crops or his fishing went up in June to this great festival. The *Thing-men* took their wives and daughters with them. Young men went as escorts to their chiefs and to take part in the games and sports. Marriages were arranged and celebrated during these weeks. Foreign voyages were planned, and captains bid against each other for the best sailors to man their vessels. All the news of the land was exchanged, and men came from foreign countries to carry on their business. The wonderful national literature of Iceland, from which come many of our legends and the stories of operas, was created in the circles which gathered evening by evening about the great story-tellers of the nation. Feuds were settled, too, and sharp battles took place between rival chieftains and their men when the decisions of the courts did not please them. But in general respect for law prevailed. That was the keynote of the Icelandic Republic.

The story of Iceland's thousand years, picturesque and interesting as it is, cannot be told here.

The nation could not hold forever its complete independence. It came politically first under the control of Norway and then of Denmark. But the seeds of national feeling and of the right to complete independence, planted by the old Vikings and nourished in the national assemblies, never ceased to grow. In the middle of the Nineteenth Century, under the leadership of a great man, Jón Sigurdson, recognized as the "father of his country," Iceland pressed so strongly upon Denmark her claims for recognition as an independent sovereign state, united to Denmark only as a sister state under the same king, that the first steps towards Icelandic independence were taken.

Our own fellow citizen, Bayard Taylor, writer and traveler, was present on August second, 1874, when Iceland celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the landing of its first colonist, Ingolf Arnarson, and the granting of a new constitution re-establishing independent self-government in local affairs. At a festival held on the plain where the *Althing* had met for so many years of the Middle Ages, he brought the greetings of America in a poem written by him for the occasion.

But while this constitution of 1874 was a first instalment of the liberty which Iceland sought, it was not sufficient. The struggle for independence was carried on by one patriot after another until on November 30, 1918, a new Act of Union, which had been passed by the *Althing*, was signed by the king of Denmark. Iceland had once more become a

sovereign kingdom, united to Denmark under this arrangement by its allegiance with her to a common king.

The event was celebrated by the raising at a great mass meeting of the new Icelandic flag. After the national anthem had been played, the speaker of the occasion said :

“To-day the king has decided to grant Iceland its own flag . . . the symbol of our sovereignty, of the most resplendent thoughts of our nation. The honor of our flag is our national honor. We pray God the Almighty to preserve our state and our king. We pray God to help us to carry our flag to honor. May the good fortune of king and people follow it. So let us hoist the flag!”

Oldest of free national assemblies, the Icelandic *Althing*, first assembled in the year 930, shows in this new symbol of independence with what fidelity it has maintained the national honor.

THE SIGNING OF THE MAGNA CARTA

JUNE 15, 1215

ON A June day in 1215 a sullen English king, penned up by his barons on a little island in the Thames River, pressed his royal seal ring into a piece of hot wax at the bottom of a long, closely written sheet of parchment, and then fell into a rage, gnashing his teeth, and breaking to pieces sticks snatched from the ground in an effort to vent his anger at having had to set his seal to that document.

It was not a pretty sight to see a man, a king at that, lose his temper so completely in the presence of a company. But one doubts whether the stern barons of England who stood watching minded in the least. They had suffered too much at the hands of King John. He had made too many fair promises by word of mouth and then failed to keep them. This time they had determined to put their demands in writing and get for them a formal agreement. King John could not write his name. He probably could not read the paper to which he set his seal. But he knew too well what was in it. The rights that he had been forced to give to



IT WAS NOT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE A KING LOSE
HIS TEMPER

his people were simple rights such as we should think belonged to any human being; but to have them granted by a king was a tremendous event in those days. That piece of paper, the *Magna Carta*, may be seen to-day, yellowed, torn, and shriveled with age, in the British Museum, still after seven hundred and more years the most precious piece of paper in all England.

King John was a bad king, thoroughly bad both as a man and as a king. Neither the people of his time nor historians of later centuries find any excuse for his acts. One wonders, however, if his very badness did not in a way speed the progress of liberty. Englishmen have a natural reverence for their king. If the man who sat on the throne had not so disgusted them, they might not have come out so strongly for their rights.

John began his reign by having the boy Arthur, his young nephew, whom many thought should have been king in his stead, murdered. He took no pains to get his crusading brother, Richard the Lion-hearted, England's idol, out of prison when he was taken into captivity in Austria on his return from the Holy Land. He lost for England most of her valuable French possessions. He had a long quarrel with the Pope, during which, to the great distress of the people, all the churches in England were closed. For the rights of his subjects he showed less and less regard.

A meeting of nobles and barons was quietly called by Archbishop Stephen Langton at which

he showed a charter of liberty given a hundred years earlier by the good king Henry, son of William the Conqueror. It was only a simple statement of well-known English rights, but it had a king's signature affixed and had been given with the evident intention that it should be a lasting covenant between the kings of England and their subjects.

"With the help of this," said the archbishop, "we should be able to get back our rights."

Great moments often go in pairs. There is the moment of vision, and then the moment of accomplishment. Perhaps the real moment of freedom came in the church when all those assembled there, beginning with those of highest rank, swore on the great altar that if the king refused to grant these rights and liberties, they would, one and all, withdraw their allegiance to him and make war on him until he should, by a charter under his own seal, confirm to them what they demanded. The doom of tyranny, as it was being practised by King John, was pronounced before that altar, if the king had been wise enough to know it. Everything else, even to the signing of the charter on the field of Runnymede, was forecast on that day before the altar of the church.

All the plans were made before the company disbanded. Each man was to provide himself with horses and arms and train his men for what was to come. At Christmas the first step of the program

was carried out. The nobles went in gay military array before the king and demanded their liberties. Hearing their bold tone, he was frightened and begged for time to think it over. A truce was agreed upon until Easter.

Meanwhile the barons improved the time by getting most of the nobles of England to join with them. It was a bold and impressive company which waited on the king at Oxford in Easter week. To them he sent messengers inquiring what laws and liberties they sought. They sent back a paper containing only the laws and ancient customs of the land, requesting that these be renewed. The archbishop himself went with this paper and read to the king the list of laws, one by one. When the king heard it, he turned on him and said sarcastically:

"Why, when they were asking, did not the barons ask for my kingdom also?"

Then with angry words he declared that never so long as he was king would he grant to his people liberties which would make him, as he scornfully put it, their slave.

The barons promptly began to make war. One by one their army took the king's castles and towns, marching week by week nearer to London. They had thought to have some difficulty in taking this head city of the kingdom, but there were sympathizers within its walls. As they drew nearer to the city, a secret message was brought that if they

wished to get into London, they should hasten there at once. The army marched all night. When they reached London early in the morning, they found the gates set wide open.

King John saw that with most of his nobles against him his cause was lost. He sent a message saying that for the sake of peace he would willingly grant whatever they required. They were to appoint a fitting day and place for a meeting at which matters should be arranged. The fifteenth day of June was chosen, on the island of Runnymede, where the king was required to stay until that date.

The Magna Carta had in it many provisions which applied only to the needs of its own time. But in it were two rights which are at the foundation of English law, on which our own law is based. No man might be arrested and thrown into prison without being tried before his peers—men of his own class, his equals. There was *personal liberty*. Second, the king could not raise any great amount of money without the consent of the common council. *Taxation only by consent of the people* was the second great liberty for which the barons stood. That was *political liberty*. Neither of these rights was won finally and for good at Runnymede. They were not even fully stated to apply to all people. The peasants in the land were not thought of as having such rights. The Magna Carta was a document of the early Middle Ages, not of modern times. But in it the rights of the

king were limited; certain rights were granted to the Church; and every class in England, even the "villeins," men of very low rank as they were rated, had some of their most grievous wrongs redressed.

THE "BEGGARS" OF HOLLAND

1566

IF ALL the processions which have marched for the cause of liberty since the world began could be marshaled before our view, they would make a spectacle in the presence of which any man would bare his head in reverence and honor. Soldiers, sailors, peasants, priests, monks, scholars, knights, crusaders, kings, and common folk would all march in that glorious company.

Of them all, none would be more gallant or more handsome than the cavaliers who rode on an April afternoon in the year 1566 through the gates of the city of Brussels to present before Margaret, Duchess Regent of Holland, their "Request" for liberty. All day long the people had watched and waited for their coming. Then two horsemen appeared at the gates, two more and two more, until a procession of two hundred gaily clad cavaliers were winding their way through the streets amid the plaudits of the people. The next day one hundred more appeared, and on the third day the people lined the streets to see them walk to the palace where the duchess regent was sitting in conference.

At their head walked two men whom all the

people loved and honored. Count Brederode, tall, with long fair hair reaching, according to the fashion of the times, to his shoulders, bore in his hand the parchment scroll on which was written the "Request." Royal blood ran in his veins, for he could trace an unbroken line of descent for five hundred years from the original kings and queens of Holland. But this young scion of their race was concerned not with kingship but with the rights of the people. Beside him walked Count Louis, small of stature, quick in his movements, with close-clipped brown hair, peaked beard, dark eyes and complexion. Young, gay, generous, and warm-hearted, he was second only to Count Brederode in the affections of the people. In the line of young men who walked behind these two might be counted the roll of the nobility of Holland, knights, soldiers of fortune, scholars, all gentle-folk, but all appearing this day not on their own behalf alone but for their people.

As they passed up the steps from the square before the palace and into the council room, the applause of the people followed them. The Duchess Regent Margaret, sister of Philip Second of Spain, who had left her to rule for him over this part of his empire, turned pale and showed herself disturbed as the long line wound into the room and took places before her.

Count Brederode, seeing her agitation, took pains to assure her at the beginning of his speech that these were no enemies but loyal subjects, pe-

titioning her and her brother for the good of the kingdom. They had come on foot and unarmed in proof of their loyalty. The "Request" which he presented to her set forth the sufferings of a whole people. Orders had been given that all those who did not agree in religious faith with the emperor should be put to death. Spanish troops had already done away with fifty thousand people. Others were fleeing from every province to escape persecution. The land was in mourning. Therefore they came to her to present their case.

Duchess Margaret was moved by their petition. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she listened to the moving words of the count. But about her sat Spanish councilors and cardinals of the Church who were determined that the Protestant religion which was sweeping over Europe should be wiped out. Holland was not alone in its troubles. Philip was denying religious liberty in every part of his realm. The men who stood before the duchess were not dealing with her alone. Behind her was the severe and cruel figure of her brother, guiding and directing her rule.

As soon as Margaret could command her voice to speak, she assured Count Brederode that the petition would be considered and an answer given. He bowed his acquiescence, and the long line of nobles began to move. As they went, each cavalier advanced before the chair of state and made the duchess a low obeisance. She should see each man of them before he left the council chamber.



TWO MEN WHOM ALL THE PEOPLE HONORED—
COUNT BREDERODE, TALL WITH FAIR HAIR;
COUNT LOUIS, SMALL OF STATURE, QUICK
IN HIS MOVEMENTS

When they were gone, Margaret and her councilors looked at one another in astonishment. Such a demonstration was unheard of. Seeing the agitation of the duchess, William of Orange, governor of the three provinces represented by the petitioners, rose and assured her that it was even as the count had said. These were not rebels. They were wise subjects who had seen that the people were being oppressed and were come to speak for them. The Spanish members of the group did not see the matter in that way. Between them and the men of the Netherlands the dispute waxed high. Who were these men to presume to come and raise their voice in protest against the deeds of the emperor? It was too trifling a matter even to spend a morning on. Better to ignore it entirely. Impatient and irritated, one of the closest advisers of the duchess finally said to her: "What, madam! is it possible that your highness can entertain fears of these beggars?"

The words might have passed unheeded if, when the council had adjourned for lunch, the same gentleman, standing at the window of his inn and seeing some of the petitioners of the morning walking by, had not repeated again this phrase which pleased him, saying, "Look, there go those beggars." He was overheard.

That night at the home of Count Brederode a banquet was held at which were gathered the three hundred petitioners. It was a gay affair, with much laughter and feasting, now that the serious

business of the day had been accomplished. But beneath the gayety ran an undercurrent of earnestness. As the talk turned to the scene of the morning, the contemptuous remark of the duchess's adviser was repeated, and passed about the board in anger from one to another. When it came to the ears of Count Brederode, he sprang to his feet.

"Beggars!" he cried. "Do they call us beggars? It were no shame to be beggars for our country's good. The name has been given us. Let us take it."

Summoning one of his pages, he sent him out in search of a leather wallet such as the beggars of the day carried, and a large wooden bowl like those which they bore from house to house for food. When the page returned with them, the count hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, and took a draught from it.

"To the health of the Beggars!" he cried. "Long live the Beggars!"

All the company took up the cry.

Instantly the count slipped off the wallet and slipped it over the head of his nearest neighbor, handing him the bowl. He took his sip from the bowl, drinking to the toast, "Long live the Beggars!" So wallet and bowl passed around the table, till each man had drunk with his fellows out of the common bowl. Each, as he held the bowl, threw into the wine a pinch of salt, for to take bread and salt together is from time immemorial

the sign of undying friendship. As he threw in the salt he repeated:

"By the bread, by the salt, by the wallet, too,
The Beggars will not change, no matter what
they do."

The toast was gayly drunk, the words were gayly said. The spirit of the feast did not change. But the men who named themselves that night were in grim earnest. They were clad in velvets and satins. The next day they appeared on the streets of Brussels in doublets and hose of ashen gray, and short cloaks of the same color, all of the coarsest goods, and round their necks hung beggars' wallets and at their belts were slung beggars' bowls.

The procession of "beggars" for freedom of country and conscience did not end with these three hundred. There were to be "Beggars of the Sea," fighting against Spanish warships, and "Beggars of the Land," like the citizens of Leyden who opened the dikes and let the waters cover their crops and homes rather than to have the enemy take them. William of Orange sat no more in the royal council, but went forth to lead his people in a desperate fight for liberty. Englishmen flocked across the Channel, seeing that here was a fight for conscience against king. It took fifteen years of warfare. William, "Father of the Dutch Repub-

lic," lost his life before freedom came. But when it did come, it included not only the religious freedom for which the struggle had begun but national and political freedom as well.

One hundred years earlier the Dutch had won from their rulers a paper called the *Groot Privilegie* (Great Privilege) in which they had gained more rights than the English people had wrested from King John in the Magna Carta. Those rights and many more were included in the Declaration of Independence adopted by the seventeen provinces of United Netherlands on the twenty-sixth of July, 1581. King Philip was deposed; allegiance to king or ruler was thrown off. A republic was founded with the motto, "By concord little things become great."

To this republic came within thirty years men who were being denied religious liberty in England. From it, after they had enjoyed its hospitality for a dozen years, the Pilgrims set forth across the seas to found a colony which was to become in later years a part of the American Republic. The procession of freedom was to move from Holland to the unsettled lands across the Atlantic.

MORE KEYS TO FREEDOM

AN ACCIDENT THAT LED TO AN INVENTION
—THE SPINNING JENNY

A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S DISCOVERY
—EDWARD JENNER AND VACCINATION

AN APOSTLE OF FREE SPEECH—JOHN BUNYAN

AN ACCIDENT THAT LED TO AN INVENTION

THE SPINNING JENNY

1763-1764

THERE is nowadays a mechanical wonder-man which is often on exhibition at fairs or expositions. Wherever he is placed, crowds of people will stand by the hour watching this electrically driven creature imitate with jerky motions the movements of a normal, living man as he dresses himself, ties his necktie, and performs his daily chores. However clumsily this automaton accomplishes the tasks to which he is set, he will always have an audience, for in his performances each watcher sees the promise of a future release of mankind from labor. Man is too recently set free from the bondage of physical toil not to feel a thrill of enthusiasm when he sees a machine doing his work for him.

We are going back in this story to the time when that experience was new, when man had not yet been set free from hard labor, back to the kitchen of a little home in the village of Blackburn, England. The time is about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. In that kitchen stands a hand loom

on which the master of the house, James Hargreaves, a weaver, produces yards of firm, finely woven cloth. Across the kitchen from the loom stands his wife's spinning wheel. It would seem as if the scene were set for a simple, happy home life of industry and comfort. But Hargreaves is growing harder and harder to live with, as his wife and little daughter Jenny could tell you, and more and more impatient with his wife's slowness.

That is where he would say that the trouble lay. But the real difficulty is not with poor Mrs. Hargreaves, at whose slowness her husband is always railing, but with her spinning wheel. She must spin all the thread for his loom. But she must also keep the house clean, cook the meals, and look after the family needs. Her husband is always calling for thread for his weaving. But it takes her six hours to spin the amount of thread which he can weave into cloth in an hour. If she should do nothing but spin all day long—and what woman with a family could do that?—he would still be forced to be idle for five out of every six hours, waiting for her to supply him with thread. The spinning wheel could not keep pace with the loom.

Little Jenny did not understand what the trouble was, but she did know that her father was always urging her to do more housework so that her mother would get to spinning sooner. One day she did something that threatened to make matters worse. In her play she accidentally knocked over the spinning wheel. It was a dreadful moment.

She was so frightened that she did not even cry out but stood stock-still in the middle of the floor. What would her father say if the big roll of thread on the wheel was ruined? She did not dare to look at him, but stood with downcast eyes awaiting the storm of his anger. But after his first exclamation of impatience when the wheel fell, not a sound came from his lips. She ventured to look up. He was standing still, watching the wheel. Then she herself dared to look at the wheel to see how much it was harmed. She, too, stood watching then, for the wheel had kept on turning although it had been tipped over. She was not clever enough to notice what her father was observing, that the spindle was still receiving yarn although it was so placed as to be upright, where before it had been lying in a flat or horizontal position.

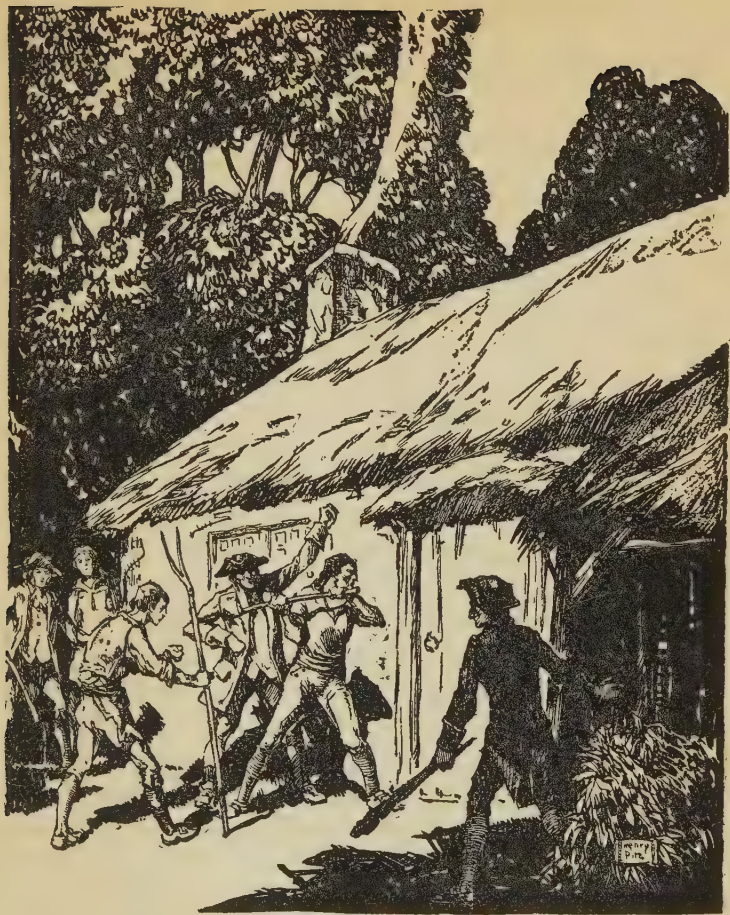
From that tipped wheel Hargreaves got the idea of a wheel which should work several upright spindles at once. He built a frame with eight spindles, and set a wheel to working it, so that eight threads were turned out in the time that it had taken his wife, with the old wheel and single spindle, to produce one. There need be no more waiting for thread for weaving. The spinning wheel had caught up with the loom. The machine was still run by hand and foot power. But James Watt was working at that moment on the steam engine, though Hargreaves did not know it.

His machine, which he patented in 1764, calling it the "jenny" in honor of his daughter Jenny

who had upset the wheel and so started him on his idea, was one of the first important labor-saving inventions of the century. It has been copied and recopied until in our own day hundreds of threads are produced at one time in place of the single thread of the old days. Yet the name is kept and every spinning jenny in our factories recalls the accidental overturning of the wheel by the little daughter of the family in the old English kitchen.

Poor Hargreaves and his family reaped more harm than good from his efforts to make life easier for mankind. When his fellow workers discovered that this invention of his would do the work of eight or ten or twelve spinners, they claimed that he was taking away the work from their hands and the bread from their mouths.

No chapter of human history is more pitiful than the tale of the way in which the inventors of the first labor-saving machinery were treated. The workers of their own time could not see the freedom of the new age that was coming. It was not their fault. They were concerned with their own problem of getting a living. They could not look ahead and realize that when their hands were relieved of the slow, wearisome toil of turning wheels and winding thread, cloth would become cheaper, more persons would buy it, and the machines with men and women tending them would keep as many people busy as were employed under the old method. To-day one fifth of the workers of the world are said to be engaged in employ-



THEY BROKE INTO THE HUMBLE COTTAGE

ment that has to do with the making and distributing of clothing for the human race. Yet to-day machines that are almost human are doing under the guidance of a single skilled operator the work that it would have then taken fifty or a hundred men and women to do.

But Hargreaves' neighbors could not see it. They broke into his humble cottage, smashed his machine, and wrecked his home. He and his family barely escaped with their lives. From that time until the day of his death he waged a losing battle with his fellows. He died in poverty in spite of the honors which were to be heaped upon his name.

Richard Arkwright, who went still further with spinning and weaving machinery and built in 1771 the first mill, had his factories burned before his eyes while police and soldiers stood looking on, making no effort to check the mob. His machines, which were too heavy to be run by a single man and so used horse or water power to turn their wheels, began the whole modern system of factory production of cloth. Unlike Hargreaves, Arkwright did grow rich from his inventions, but it was a long time before his fellow workers forgave him for them.

The progress of labor-saving machinery was swift, once a beginning had been made. Hargreaves drove his little spinning jenny by hand. Arkwright's machines were driven by water or horse power. Edmund Cartwright invented the

power loom and set steam to driving it in 1790. With Watt's steam engine thus put to turn the wheels of industry, the day of modern machinery had begun.

We live in this machine age. In ancient Greece, where there were no machines, every freeman had at least five slaves to do his work for him. Reckoning on that basis, every American is said to have thirty slaves working for him, thirty slave-machines preparing and transporting food for his use, providing him with fuel for his home, and equipping him and his establishment with all the necessities and comforts of modern existence. Thirty men set free to be waited on by machinery themselves instead of waiting on this one man! It is no wonder that we stop and look at the new machine-man which imitates the activities which we still perform. Crude and awkward though he is, he stands as the symbol of the achievements of the past and the possibilities of the future.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S DISCOVERY

EDWARD JENNER AND VACCINA-
TION
1798

FREEDOM from disease is the boon mankind is always seeking. We have not won it yet, but we mark as milestones in man's progress the discoveries which point the way toward this goal.

To realize what it meant to the world to have Edward Jenner discover at the end of the Eighteenth Century the way of preventing smallpox by vaccination, one would have to have lived in the Middle Ages. To us smallpox is a disease which appears occasionally in some locality, is featured largely in newspaper headlines, and is shortly heard from no more. But in the Middle Ages smallpox was a specter that walked the streets, striking terror to the hearts of all men. If by rare good fortune a person escaped the disease himself, he was rarely absent from the sight and thought of it, for three out of every five persons he met were disfigured by its scars. So unusual was it for anyone to be free from these marks on his face that when a fugitive from justice happened to be un-

scarred, the fact was noted in the advertisements for his apprehension and arrest. He would be so noticeable as to be more easily caught than the average man.

No country was free from the disease. Iceland lost a third of her island population during the epidemic of 1707. In every city of Europe or the British Isles there was always the likelihood that a fourth, a third, or even half of the population would be swept away by it in a few months. Ten out of every hundred persons were more likely than not to meet their death by smallpox.

Such was the state of affairs when Edward Jenner, a country boy, son of a village minister, went up to London to study medicine under John Hunter, the most famous surgeon of the day. He was taught the best knowledge of the physicians as to how to treat the disease, so that he might save as many lives as he could and protect by careful treatment his patients from being crippled, blinded, or badly disfigured. He learned how fortunate were those who had had it lightly in early youth, since they were forever immune even when the disease raged in its most virulent form. The only fact that was known about smallpox was that no one ever had it twice. Once done was forever done.

Before he came up to London, young Jenner had heard of the astonishing practise of letting a doctor give you the disease by injecting some of the contagious virus into your veins instead of

waiting to see if you had it in the course of circumstances. He had hardly believed that this was really done until he found himself being taught to perform this inoculation as part of his required medical knowledge. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose husband was the British ambassador at Constantinople in 1716, brought this idea home with her. She had seen hundreds of residents of Constantinople undergo this voluntary inoculation, and was most enthusiastic over the results. The hope was that thus given, at a convenient time, and by means of a virus instead of in the usual method of contagion, the disease would act mildly. Often it did, often enough to make the method quite popular. But there were two difficulties. There was no guarantee that the smallpox thus induced would be a mild form. The disease might appear in its most deadly and virulent type. And the smallpox thus introduced was just as contagious as that of the worst epidemic. Jenner could imagine how unpopular he would be at home if he induced one or two families to try this method and thus started by accident an epidemic in the community when there happened to be no sign of smallpox. Yet this heroic measure was being practised widely in both England and the American colonies.

It was while he was learning to give this inoculation that Jenner remarked one day to his teacher that the farm people of his region had a saying, "If you've had cowpox, you can't catch smallpox."

"Do you think there could be any connection between the two?" the student asked his master.

A man of less wisdom might have dismissed the remark as an "old wives' saying," but Hunter was too big a man to ignore any suggestion.

"Why not experiment until you find out?" he replied thoughtfully.

So the country boy, going back to be a doctor in his home region, had in the back of his mind the thought of tracking down this saying and seeing if there really was anything in it.

Jenner's home was in the dairy county of Gloucestershire, a region celebrated for its cows. Where no city doctor would have had any notion what "cowpox" was, he was familiar with this skin disease of cows and had seen milkmaids with their hands and arms covered with the same mild eruption. Doubtless it was from some milkmaid that he had first gotten the idea, for she might well have remarked, "Ah well! Perhaps I'm lucky after all. Maybe the smallpox won't touch me now."

We have spoken of the length of time that often elapsed between the moment of vision and the moment of the fulfillment of a great idea. It took Jenner twenty-five years to prove the connection between the two diseases. At first he thought he could do it quickly. The milkmaids whom he questioned said at once that they had escaped smallpox when it visited their families. He was jubilant. But then he found other women who said that they



DOUBTLESS IT WAS FROM SOME MILKMAID THAT
JENNER HAD FIRST GOTTEN THE IDEA

had had cowpox and yet had later caught smallpox with the rest of their neighbors. It took a long, long study of cowpox to find that there were two kinds of skin trouble that went under that name, one which was true cowpox and another which had somewhat the same symptoms but was quite different. He must study every case of cowpox to be sure of his evidence.

As time went on, he became more and more sure that the true cowpox did make a person immune from smallpox. But in this belief he stood alone. The members of his medical society thought him crazy and threatened to expel him if he did not stop talking about his cows and their diseases. In 1788 his record of cases was so long that he went up to London and read a paper announcing his discovery. But the learned city doctors would have none of it. These cases might all be coincidences. He must prove his point by the direct method of injecting cowpox virus into a human being and then waiting to see if that person was immune in the next epidemic.

The doctors were right, and Jenner knew it. They had not thought he would be willing to do such an unheard-of thing as try to give a human being a cow's disease. It was too ridiculous and unnatural even to be considered. But Jenner went home and performed the most heroic act of faith that could be imagined. The first person whom he vaccinated with the new virus was his own son, a baby eighteen months old. No one could longer

doubt the sincerity of his belief in his discovery, when he was willing to begin with the person dearest to him on earth.

Jenner's first public vaccination was on May 14, 1796. He drew some matter from the arm of a milkmaid, Sarah Nelmes, who had become infected with cowpox while milking. He made two incisions in the arm of James Phipps, a boy of eight, and inserted the matter taken from the arm of the milkmaid. Six weeks later James Phipps was exposed to the most virulent form of smallpox, but there was no effect. The vaccination had worked, as Jenner had been sure it would.

After two years of performing vaccinations, which proved successful in all cases, he wrote a sixty-four page pamphlet describing his cases and announcing the discovery. Where smallpox inoculation had been dangerous, cowpox was a mild and non-contagious disease which had hardly any effect on the person's comfort or health condition. Yet it protected against the deadly disease which had been sweeping the world.

A few doctors took up the discovery at once. Within a few years it had been introduced into many countries. The Spanish government fitted out an expedition to take the news of it in a three-year round-the-world journey to all its possessions. The Empress of Russia issued a proclamation recommending the practice of vaccination and declaring that the first child vaccinated should be called Vaccinoff and educated at the expense of

the state. Jenner was voted large money grants from Parliament and showered with honors. Yet he continued in his simple country practice until his death in 1823. He had made his contribution of knowledge to the world. Why should he stop for that reason his life work of service to his home town and to the farming region out of whose homely wisdom had come the suggestion for his discovery?

To-day we look back to Edward Jenner as the founder of that most modern branch of medical science, preventive medicine, which does not wait for disease to come but steps in and forestalls it.

AN APOSTLE OF FREE SPEECH

JOHN BUNYAN

1628-1688

THE importance of a meeting cannot be judged by the place where it is held, nor by the number of persons who attend it. England had many grand assemblies during the Seventeenth Century. Making a journey backward into those days we could choose to mingle with lords and ladies and rich folk as they gathered in palaces, cathedrals, and playhouses. We could stand at the door of a London house party and see courtiers, gay in bright-colored silks and satins, alight from their coaches and enter spacious halls where they would be greeted by statesmen and soldiers. We could go to sessions of Parliament and coronations of kings.

Yet most of these meetings are almost forgotten, while we of the Twentieth Century choose to walk on a November Sunday afternoon across fields and along country lanes with a few simple laboring people who are going to hold a meeting at a farmhouse and listen to the words of their preacher, John Bunyan.

They do not think they are doing anything special in going to the home of a neighbor to hear this man who, after a rich experience of God in his life, has added to his tinker's business of mending pots and pans the preaching of God's word. At least, they had not thought so until to-day. But on this particular Sunday they are excited and anxious, for word has gone abroad that their village squire, young Francis Wingate, has ordered the village constable to arrest the preacher and break up the meeting. As Bunyan comes from his quiet walk across the fields, they meet him at the door and give him the warning.

"Why hold the meeting to-day?" they ask him. "We can quietly disband. Then we can meet with you within a few weeks in some other place, when this trouble has blown over."

Bunyan listens to their words. He has been about the country more than they, and knows from hearsay how men are being thrown into prison if they are suspected of plotting against their newly restored Stuart king or of doing anything against the existing order of things in Church or State. Shall he let himself run the risk of being jailed for months for the sake of holding this little meeting when, by slipping away before the constable comes, he can be safe? He turns away and paces up and down for a few moments in the yard, beneath the elm trees which shut the house from view from the road and make it so safe a meeting place. Then he goes into the house.

"Shall we give up the meeting?" they ask him again.

"By no means," he replies. "I will not stir, nor will I have the meeting dismissed. Come, be of good cheer. Our cause is good. We have no reason to be ashamed of it. To preach God's word is so good a work that we shall be well rewarded even if we suffer for it."

Calmed by his strong words, they sit down and begin the meeting. As he sits with the Bible open before him, giving out his text, there is a loud knocking at the door. In walks the village constable, accompanied by a servant of the young squire's, to stop the meeting and arrest the preacher.

The shadows of the elm trees are falling across the yard as they go out. Is any one of these simple, earnest folk wise enough to read the future? Not even the preacher himself sees the shadow of twelve long years of imprisonment lying across his path as he walks in company of the constable from that historic meeting.

Bunyan appeared the next morning at trial in the squire's hall. There was little for the constable to report. There were only a few persons, he said, at the meeting, and there was no sign of arms. But these were times of much political disturbance in England. Oliver Cromwell and his Parliament were gone; the Royalists were in control again. But they feared for their skins and trusted no one.

The squire undoubtedly believed that these laborers were using a prayer meeting as a blind for getting together to hatch some mischief. Even if there was no proof of this, was not free speech itself a danger? There was a village church. What excuse had a common tinker for staying away from the regular service, which everyone was commanded to attend, and preaching out of the Bible in his own way as if he had a special word from God? The sooner such a proceeding was stopped, the better.

"If you will say that you will not call the people together any more," the squire finally told Bunyan, "you may have your liberty. If not, you must be sent away to prison."

"Sir," replied Bunyan, "I shall not force or compel any man to hear me, but if I come to any place where there are people met together, I shall exhort and counsel them."

So Bunyan was led away to jail, where he remained for two months, awaiting the session of the court before which he was to be tried. Here he was asked the same questions. He had been preaching here and there in his journeyings around the country.

"You confess to the indictment, do you not?" inquired the lord high justice.

"This I confess. We have had many meetings together, both to pray to God and to exhort one another. . . . I confess to no other guilt."

"Will you agree to preach only to your family

and the families of your friends, not holding public meetings?" they asked him.

But that was not freedom of speech as Bunyan saw it.

"If it is lawful to do good to some, is it not lawful to do good to more?" was his keen reply, and he refused to agree to be so limited.

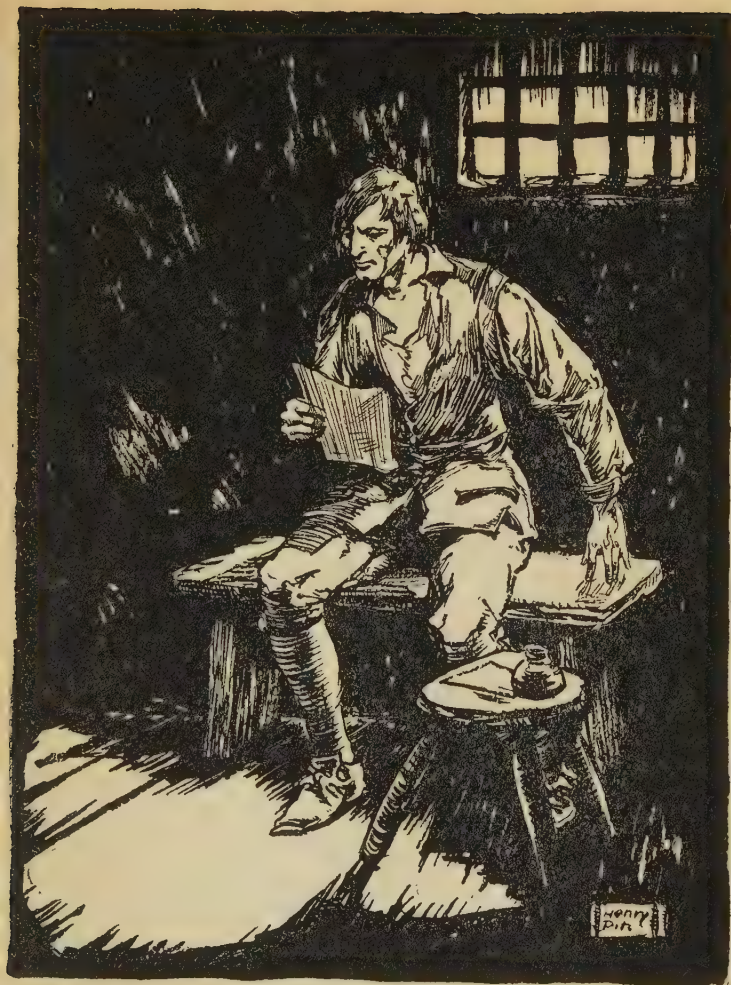
"Then hear your judgment," was the answer of the court. "You must be taken back to prison, and if at the end of three months you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and to leave off your preaching, you must be banished from the realm."

Bunyan had a wife and four young children, one, especially near to his heart, a little blind daughter. They were desperately poor and needed his earnings.

"The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me," he said at a later time, "like the pulling of flesh from my bones. It is not my own sufferings that oppress me, but the miseries and want of my family."

Yet, as the jailer led him away from the court, he declared, "If I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God."

Bedford jail was at its worst in those days. The small rooms where from ten to thirty men were confined were dark, ill-ventilated, and dirty. The food was scant and poor. Bunyan had three months more of these discomforts before he was brought



SO JOHN BUNYAN STAYED FOR TWELVE YEARS IN
BEDFORD JAIL

to court again. There was no hope in his mind that his single protest could or would instantly bring about free speech. England was in a sadly disturbed state. There had been plots and uprisings in London. The jails were full of malcontents. He must often have wondered whether it would ever make any difference if he should agree to keep silent for a time and so regain his freedom.

The clerk of the court came himself to see Bunyan in the jail and find out whether he would make any compromise. But the preacher was firm. To give in to the law of England in this matter was, for him, to break the law of God.

"I am in the condition of a man who is pulling down his house upon the heads of his wife and children," he said sadly. "Yet I must do it."

So John Bunyan stayed for twelve years in Bedford jail, with only a brief period of liberty at the end of the sixth year. He never ceased to suffer for his family. He made shoe laces secretly in his cell and threw them out of the window at night, for his children to pick up and sell on the streets for food. At any moment he could probably have come out if he would have pledged himself to keep still. But free speech was to him the cornerstone of liberty. If the people of England were not free to worship God and speak His word in their own way, of what use was freedom to walk the streets and breathe the fresh air? He knew he was not alone in his conviction. For this cause Pilgrims and Puritans were leaving their homes, crossing

the seas to find freedom in the American colonies. For this cause he would stay in prison.

Free speech has never been downed for good. It has its own ways of winning its victories. The authorities kept John Bunyan in prison lest the sound of his voice reach the ears of twenty-five or fifty or a hundred people gathered at a public meeting. But in prison he wrote pamphlets and books which were distributed to hundreds and thousands of eager readers all over England. No Puritan preacher of his day, walking the streets in freedom, had the audience which John Bunyan gained by his writings from Bedford jail. When he turned from sermons and tracts to write from his heart the story of his own life and that of his friends in *Pilgrim's Progress*, he spoke not only to the people of his own nation and time but to the world. Within his lifetime one hundred thousand copies of this popular story were circulated in the inexpensive editions among the poorer people of England. Three hundred years later *Pilgrim's Progress* is one of the book trade's "best sellers."

We all read it. We are all acquainted with the characters who live in its pages. The next time we pick up the book and hold it in our hands, let us think of it as the answer of history to the attempt to keep in prison a man with a message of truth and life. If Bunyan had gone on with his tinkering and his preaching, he might never have had time to write a book. Shut away in prison, he spoke

and speaks to a world audience greater than that of any man of his time.

A meeting may seem small and unimportant, as did that little gathering which was the occasion of Bunyan's being sent to Bedford jail. But its importance lies not in numbers nor in place, but in the men who attend it and the principles for which they stand.

NATIONAL HEROES

ROBERT THE BRUCE—SCOTLAND

GUSTAVUS VASA—SWEDEN

KOSCIUSKO—POLAND

GARIBALDI—ITALY

ROBERT THE BRUCE

SCOTLAND

1274-1329

A SCOTTISH king was to be crowned on a March day in the year 1306. The Coronation Stone of Scotland, on which the kings had always stood to be crowned, had been carried off to England by Edward the First who claimed to be King of Scotland as well as of England. But the Scots could not be kept from their independence by the carrying away of a stone. The ancient crown of gold was missing, too, but a circlet of gold was found to take its place. There were no fitting coronation robes for the would-be king. But the patriotic Bishop of Glasgow had robes prepared for the event and produced a royal banner which he had kept hidden in his church for many years. The Earl of Fife, whose privilege it was as the head of the famous Macduff family to place the crown on the head of the king, was over in England serving King Edward. But on the day when a handful of churchmen and knights had gathered at the abbey of Scone to perform the ceremony, a joyful surprise befell them. The Countess Isabella, Macduff's sister, rode in all haste across

the border from England to preserve the family tradition of king-making and lay the gold circlet on the head of the man of her choice.

So Robert the Bruce, patriot hero of the Scottish people, was crowned by his loyal followers. But more than a gold circlet and a banner and coronation robes were needed to win for him his kingdom. When the crown had been placed upon his head, Sir James Douglas came forward and cast down before him a portion of earth which he had brought from his ancestral estates, in token that he was giving his possessions as well as his person to the service of the new king. Others who were there did the same. But when all had come forward and sworn their fealty, it was but a tiny mound of earth that lay before the new King Robert. By his adventures and sufferings for the cause of freedom he must win his place in the love and honor of his kingdom.

In the heart of every nation is enshrined the picture of a hero who stands to his countrymen for the spirit of liberty and patriotism. What matter if the particular cause for which he fought is long since abandoned? What matter if, as in the case of Robert the Bruce, the stories of his life come from rhymed chronicles instead of the sober documents of history? England and Scotland have been so long united, the Coronation Stone of Scotland has lain for so many years in Westminster Abbey where King Edward placed it, that the tale of warfare between them belongs to an almost for-

gotten past. But both nations, and all English-speaking peoples, cherish the memory of Robert the Bruce, whose story the old Scotch chronicler, John Barbour, begins with the words:

“Ah! Freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes man to have liking;
Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have none ease,
Nor aught besides that may him please,
If Freedom faileth.”

Freedom was near to failing in that time when the hasty coronation ceremony was performed at the abbey of Scone. The English sent an army against the new king. Many Scots were against him. Autumn found him and his companions outlaws and fugitives in the mountains. Yet all this hardship, of cold and hunger and constant danger of their lives, they endured bravely, writes the chronicler, for “it was not the Crown only, but their Liberty also that they suffered for; and not their Liberty alone, but the Freedom of their Country and all Patriots.”

There were bright moments as well as dark during their winter wanderings in the barren Highlands. Hunted by the English from their chosen winter quarters, they set out for more remote regions to the west. But when they came to Loch Lomond, which they must cross to safety, there

were no boats. After long searching Sir James Douglas found one old sunken craft. They pulled it out of the water, stopped up its cracks as well as they could, and three at a time, for a night and half of a day, the men crossed slowly in that leaky boat, three rowing across, one bringing the boat back, two more entering it, and so on and on till the whole two hundred were safely over. They had wanted Robert to go ahead on one of the first trips, but he, like the true king he was, would not stir till every man of his followers had crossed in safety, coming over himself in the very last boatload.

They had been living on roots and herbs in the country they had left. This region was richer in game. The men went out to kill deer for food, but even their hunting might bring them into peril. Word came to the Earl of Lennox, lord of the manor, that there were poachers on his land, and he rode out in anger to find them and bring them to justice. But when he came upon them, his anger was turned into rejoicing, for here was his king! He took him in all haste to the castle, providing for his followers such comfort as he could, and for a season King Robert abode in peace. But spies reported his presence there, and soon he must go farther into hiding.

It was during this winter that the king was in the greatest peril for his life. Only a few followers could stay with him, for large numbers attracted the notice of his enemies. One day he became sepa-



ROBERT THE BRUCE AND HIS COMPANIONS SET OUT
FOR MORE REMOTE REGIONS TO THE WEST

rated from his little band, and was set upon by three enemies, escaping only through his great skill with the sword. Legend tells of the manner of his escape.

As he wandered on the moors he saw a solitary cabin. Being sore weary and long without food, he went to the door to ask if he might enter and rest awhile. An old dame, sitting on the bench by the door, asked who he was, whence he came, and whither he went.

"I am a wayfarer, dame," he said.

"All wayfarers are welcome here," said she, "for the sake of one."

"Good dame, prithee, who may that one be?"

"Robert Bruce is he," quoth the good wife, "who is rightful lord of all this land. His foes are now pressing him hard, but the day is coming and not far off when he shall be lord and king of all the land."

"Dame, do you love him so well?"

"Yes, sir, so God me see!"

"Dame, lo! it is he by you here," said the king, "for I that speak with you am he."

"Where are your men gone?" said the dame as she curtsied before him, "and why are you thus alone?" for she cared so much for his safety that even as she rejoiced at his presence, she was indignant that he should be alone and unprotected in her cabin.

"At this moment, dame, I have no men."

"That may not be," she said, "for I have two

sons, strong and hardy. They shall become your men."

While he was resting and eating the homely fare which was all the good dame had to set before him, the two young men came in and knelt gladly before him and promised to serve him from that time forth.

One more picture of the lonely king is so familiar that everyone, whether he knows anything else about this Scottish hero or not, has heard the story of Robert Bruce and the spider.

Brave man though he was, King Robert had his moments of discouragement. One came to him as he lay hidden in a tiny, forsaken hut in the mountains. He had had word that day that three of his four brothers had been killed in battle, that his wife was imprisoned, and that many more were suffering for his sake. Was it worth while, he pondered? Would it be better if he went away over the seas to the Crusades and left Scotland to her fate? As these thoughts passed through his mind, he lay idly watching a spider working over his head. Six times it tried to throw its thread across to a beam, and six times it failed. The thought came to Bruce, "Six times I have fought with the English, and six times I have been defeated. Now we shall see what will happen the seventh time. If the spider succeeds, it shall be a sign to me that I shall succeed. If the spider fails——" But he never had time to think that thought through, for the seventh time the thread went safely across.

From that time on, says the legend, King Robert never lost a battle, for he went forth from that hut with new courage and faith.

When the famous battle of Bannockburn had won for him his kingdom, the king summoned his Parliament and had them send out proclamations to other nations, urging them to recognize the hard-won independence of Scotland. One of these proclamations ended thus, showing how the spirit of liberty had entered into the whole Scottish nation:

“As long as one hundred of us remain alive, we will never consent to be a subject people. For it is not glory, it is not riches, neither is it honor, but it is liberty alone that we contend for, which no honest man will lose save with his life.”

GUSTAVUS VASA

S W E D E N

1520-1521

IN THE year 1520, one hundred years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, another landing, destined to be famous in the annals of freedom, took place on a rock jutting out from a lonely stretch of the coast of Sweden.

There was no ceremony attending this landing. The captain who brought his trading vessel alongside of this convenient rock to let a tall young Swede leap ashore was glad to be rid of the young man, whose rough garments instead of serving as a disguise made his noble bearing more conspicuous. His passenger was equally glad to avoid landing at a familiar port where he might be recognized, and to gain foothold on the soil of his homeland in this unfrequented spot.

During long months of exile Gustavus Vasa had dreamed of the glorious moment of his homecoming. Now he shuddered to find himself landing within earshot of Danish guns bombarding the towns of his homeland. He had thought when he made his escape from the Danish castle where he

was a prisoner of war that he would be safe if he ever reached Sweden. But members of the crew had heard at their last landing place of Gustavus Vasa's escape and were at this moment discussing in the hold of the vessel the big reward offered by King Christian for his capture, dead or alive. To land within sound of the enemy's guns and with a price set on his head had not been part of his picture of his return to freedom and fatherland. Yet in the courage with which he met this misfortune lay, had he but known it, the promise of his country's future. If anyone doubts that courage is contagious, let him read the story of the courage of this young man and see it spread over a nation and sweep a people on to victory.

Hiding in his sister's home, after his return, he heard that the king had proclaimed an amnesty and was inviting to his coronation six hundred Swedish nobles. Gustavus had learned through bitter experience that the word of King Christian was not to be trusted. Had not he himself been carried off to Denmark in direct defiance of the king's plighted word that none of the six hostages, of whom he was one, given by the Swedish government were to be taken from their own country? He begged and besought that his family should not go to this royal festival. But he was only a lad and the judgment of the elders prevailed. Within a month the word of the Stockholm massacre came back to the lonely boy left behind in hiding. All the Swedish nobles who had gone

as guests had been put to death at the coronation feasts. Gustavus's father and older brother and brother-in-law were dead; his mother and sisters had been thrown into Danish dungeons. He was alone, the last of his line, with a price set on his head.

Disguised as a peasant, he slipped away from his home and set forth across the country, hiring himself out shortly to a man by the name of Anders Persson as a woodcutter. A friendly companion, Olson, taught him how to handle the ax, and all was going well when Karit, the maidservant, bringing to them in the barn their supper, saw beneath his coarse outer coat the gold-embroidered edge of his shirt.

"You are either a thief," she exclaimed, "or Gustavus Vasa himself," and ran to tell the master. Perhaps she thought he would rush to claim the reward. But Anders was a patriot. He had no intention of betraying the young noble, but sent him on that night to another home where he thought he would be safer.

That man was not so true to his country. He hurried to a neighbor's to summon the sheriff. But even in this darkest hour few Swedish homes were without one patriot. The wife, guessing her husband's errand, let Gustavus down from a window to the rear gate where she had a sleigh waiting. By the time the sheriff arrived, Gustavus was well on his way to another hiding place. Another housewife, so the story goes, saved him by her quick

wit when the sheriff's men did catch up with him, walking into her kitchen where he was warming himself by the fire. She was baking bread and had just put a dozen loaves into the deep oven by the chimney with a long-handled shovel. She turned and, seeing the men, lifted her shovel and whacked Gustavus soundly on the shoulders with it.

"What are you standing gaping at?" she cried sharply. "Did ye never see folks before? Get back to your work in the barn."

Meekly and thankfully Sweden's future king slunk out of the room, his shoulders tingling from the blow, while his pursuers came up to warm themselves at the fire from which he had been banished.

Winter was coming on. Yet he must make his way farther and farther north into the forests for safety. One day a gamekeeper hid him at the bottom of a load of hay. When they were halfway to town a band of soldiers stopped the cart and prodded the load with spears to make sure he was not there. One spear pierced Gustavus's leg, but he did not move or make a sound. His driver dared not stop to investigate, but as he drove along, looking back, he noticed that blood was dripping on the snow. He stopped and made with his jack-knife a tiny cut on the fetlock of one of his horses, so that its bleeding should explain to the passerby any signs of blood. At the town a patriot surgeon dressed Gustavus's wound and he was off again.

At last, in the mountains, among the people of

Dalecarlia famed for their love of freedom, Gustavus began to feel safer and to dare to speak the word which was in his heart. On Christmas morning when the service was over, he stood on a gravestone in the churchyard and spoke to the people, telling them of the Stockholm massacre and begging them to rise and shake off the Danish yoke.

"You know," he said, "at what peril I am here with you. You see me hounded day by day and hour by hour as a wild beast. But what matters my own suffering? Our beloved country is more to me than life. How long must we be slaves, we who were born to freedom? I will willingly go with you and spare neither my blood nor my sword, which is all the tyrant has left me. He shall learn that the Swedes are both faithful and brave, and that they will be governed by their own laws and not by a foreign oppressor."

The men were moved by his appeal. The crowd responded with cries for freedom. But when the first anger had subsided and the first enthusiasm passed, the counsel of the older men prevailed.

"This story is frightful," they said. "But it may not be so bad as it sounds. We will wait. Perhaps things will turn out better than this hot-headed youth thinks."

Weary, despairing, the young man turned again towards the north, towards the frontier which divided Sweden from Norway. There was no place for him in his own land. He must leave his people to their fate. On Christmas night, while all the



GUSTAVUS TURNED AND SAW TWO MEN ON SKIS
WAVING TO HIM AND SHOUTING

land kept Yuletide cheer, Sweden's future king slept, hungry, cold, and forlorn, under a covered bridge. The next day he took up his journey.

The weather grew colder. Hungry wolves howled at night on his trail but they dared not come too near to his fire, and by day he outran them on his snowshoes. At last he came in sight of the mountains of Norway. A few more hours of travel and he would have passed over the frontier and become once more an exile in a strange land.

But while he walked that day alone, as he had walked for many days, he heard shouts behind him. His heart sank. Was he followed into this wilderness? Was he not even to win his way to safety beyond the frontier?

He turned and saw two men on skis, waving to him and shouting. There were no weapons in their hands. He waited till they came nearer. His ears could hardly believe the words he heard.

"Stop, noble lord Gustaf, we have been sent to beg you to return and be our leader. Come with us to Dalecarlia, and forgive us that we ever let you go."

As the three journeyed back together, in swifter and happier fashion than that in which he had just covered those miles, they told him of their change of heart. They had thought his tales in the churchyard too dreadful to be believed. But an old soldier, coming from the south, had confirmed his words and told them of worse oppressions to come. Here in the far north they had felt safe. A

Danish king might do injury to the men of the cities and towns, but it could not touch them. But already the king's men were moving northward, setting up gallows in each county on which to hang all those who opposed his will. He was putting new taxes on the poor peasants who were near to starving on their bare lands. If a man could not pay them, he was likely to lose a hand or a foot as punishment. War had come to their doors, and they looked only for a leader.

Long before Gustavus and his escort reached Dalecarlia, its men came out to meet him. As he moved southward with this faithful band, along the route he had so lately traversed alone and in hiding, other fugitives, patriot outlaws who had long been hidden in the forests, came out from their retreats to join him. At every village men flocked to his standard. It was a march of triumph.

An army is not built in a day. Yet when the king's troops marched out in April to drive back this rebel company, Gustavus had thousands of men behind him, some armed with spears and swords and guns, others carrying their own crossbows and arrows.

"What kind of soldiers are these?" one of the king's officers asked, looking across the river at the rebel army which they were shortly to attack. "How do they manage to live in these barren regions?"

"They are a hardy people," was the answer. "They drink nothing but water, and for their

bread they are said to mix meal with the bark of trees."

"Let us retreat while there is yet time," replied the king's man. "The Evil One himself could never whip a people that can live on wood and water."

The spirit of Gustavus Vasa had brought out a like spirit in his people. His courage had been contagious. Within a year of the time when he had landed on the rocky shore, he was elected "Lord of Sweden." Within another year King Christian had been dispossessed, and the young leader was king of an independent Sweden which he ruled wisely and well for nearly forty years.

KOSCIUSKO

P O L A N D

1 7 4 6 - 1 8 1 7

ON THE campus at West Point there stands a statue of the Polish patriot Thaddeus Kosciusko, "hero of two worlds," colonel of engineers in Washington's official family during the period of the American Revolution. The cadets who pass the statue daily know that Kosciusko laid out and fortified West Point, but how many of them know that his first lessons in the science of military fortification, which he came over and taught to our officers, were learned when he was only a cadet like themselves in the famous military academy at Warsaw?

It was in the year 1767 that young Kosciusko was called up to receive before the whole school the sword which was the sign of final enrollment in the "corps of cadets." He had been a novice for a year, waiting on probation for this day. He had learned the catechism of patriotism which every youth repeated weekly to his superior officer.

"Can a cadet fear or be a coward?" he had been asked each Saturday night.

"I know not how to answer," he had replied, "for both the word and the thing for which it stands are unknown to me."

Now he had been escorted by the brigade to the chapel where he knelt, alone and unarmed, while Mass was being said, and listened to the words of the chaplain as he set forth the high duty of a cadet to his God and his country. Poland was in a sad state, hemmed in on every side by strong powers that sought to divide the little state between them and destroy her forever. This was a school of patriots; these chosen boys were being trained for the service of their country.

"You find your country in this sad state. You must people her with citizens eager for her glory, her good name among foreigners, and the reform of what is evil in her government. May you, the new seed of the nation, change the face of your country!"

With the words of the chaplain ringing in their ears the boys marched to the great square, where young Kosciusko made the request that he be given his sword.

The brigadier stepped forward and put his hand on the candidate's arm.

"Hast thou the sincere resolve always to use this weapon which thou art about to receive in defense of thy country and thy honor?" he asked.

"I have no other resolve," replied Kosciusko earnestly.

"Do you promise not to disgrace your comrades

by any crime or want of application to your duties?" the officer asked.

"I do," replied Kosciusko.

The cadets presented arms and the drums beat forth a welcome, as the senior officer of the corps fastened at his side the sword and placed in his hand a musket.

A full cadet, he stepped back to his place in the brigade and marched away to spend the rest of the day and evening in gay festivities.

It was to be a long time after his graduation before the young patriot was to have the chance to work for freedom in his own beloved country. Studying on a traveling scholarship in Paris, he heard of our struggle for liberty and came overseas bearing a letter of introduction from Benjamin Franklin (then our ambassador to France) to General Washington. He was set to work at once, in 1776, fortifying the town of Philadelphia, then threatened by the British, and stayed for eight years giving his skilled service gladly to our country in its time of need.

In the years immediately following the American Revolution, Poland made a great effort to regain the independence which was slipping away from her. Kosciusko served as an officer in a three months' campaign, but was forced after its failure to leave the country.

As he went into exile he stopped at the frontier, unbuckled his sword, and lifting his hand to heaven prayed, before he stepped across the bor-



KOSCIUSKO STOPPED AT THE FRONTIER, UNBUCKLED
HIS SWORD, AND LIFTING HIS HAND TO HEAVEN
PRAYED

der to foreign soil, that he might be given once again the chance to draw it in defense of his dearly beloved land. His prayer was granted. Three years later, in response to the earnest pleas of his people, he recrossed the border and entered Poland in March 1794 to head an army which should fight for her freedom.

He had received his sword as a cadet after attending a solemn celebration of Mass in the chapel. Now at Mass a priest took that sword and blessed it for the nation's good.

"God grant me to conquer or die," said Kosciusko, as he received it back from the priest's hands.

From the church he walked to the town hall and standing on its steps before the crowd, with his hands on the sword, took his place as commander in chief of the army.

Slowly and solemnly the army repeated after the officers its pledge of loyalty to the new leader:

"We swear that we will be faithful to the Polish nation and obedient to Thaddeus Kosciusko, the commander in chief, who has been summoned by this nation in defense of its freedom, liberties, and independence. So help us God."

There was a moment of silence, and then Kosciusko stepped forward. With bared head he stood in plain civilian garb, his hands resting on his sword, and gave in response his own personal loyalty:

"I, Thaddeus Kosciusko, swear in the sight of God and the whole Polish nation that I will never

use the power entrusted to me against any citizen, but will employ it only for the defense of the integrity of Poland's borders, the regaining of her independence, and the laying of the foundations of universal freedom. So help me God."

On April first he led an army of four or five thousand men out from Cracow. Many of his soldiers were peasants armed only with scythes. Filled with determination to free their country from the enemies that were closing in upon her, they went into battle untrained but with a fierce and unconquerable spirit. At the village of Raclawica they met and defeated in a five-hour battle a Russian army of three times their number.

That night Kosciusko left his tent and went to the camp of his soldiers. He had promised freedom to every serf enlisting for the national defense. Now he gave them this freedom, thanking all the army in the name of Poland for their valor. Then, as a sign of honor to his peasant soldiers, he flung off his military uniform and donned the *sukman*, the long loose coat of the peasant, and its broad girdle. So long as he was general, this remained his chosen garb.

The news of the victory spread throughout Poland. From that day the morning and evening greeting of all Polish patriots were the four words: "Kosciusko! Freedom! Our Country!" For a time the struggle for freedom seemed to be succeeding. Towards the end of September, after a period of

encouragement, Kosciusko wrote from his tent a message beginning with these words:

“Freedom, the gift beyond price for man on earth, is given by God only to those nations who by their perseverance, courage, and constancy in all untoward events are worthy of its possession. This truth is taught us by free nations which after long years of struggle and sufferings manfully borne now enjoy the happy fruits of their courage and perseverance.”

That the Polish nation was soon to be numbered among those happy nations was his hope and dream. But it was not so to be. Poland was doomed. Catherine of Russia sent her greatest general to head the troops which marched against the little patriot army. Prussia and Austria supported her. Kosciusko was wounded and taken prisoner, spending two years in Russia before he was released. The territory of Poland was divided for the third time among her stronger neighbors. But no nation had ever put up a stronger fight for freedom. No other patriots ever held that spirit through a century and more of oppression and exile, as did the Poles. To us in our day, at the close of the World War, it was given to see the Polish nation reestablished, and the marvelous spirit of freedom given its chance to rebuild the nation of Kosciusko's dreams.

GARIBALDI

ITALY

1860

IF YOU are applying for an important position and an examiner wishes to find out how fast and well your mind works, he is likely to try you out with a mental test on what he calls "association of ideas." He will give you a word, and you, sitting with pencil and paper, will write it down and then follow it with all the words and ideas that come into your mind from this word with which he has started you. If the word is *Christmas*, you may find yourself putting down such words as "gift," "tree," "candle," "birthday," "December," "snow," and a hundred others which give the pictures that come into your mind when you let your thoughts dwell on Christmas.

If you tried that game on Italian boys and girls and began with the word *freedom*, nine out of ten of them would immediately write after it the words "Garibaldi" and "red shirt." There would have come instantly to their minds a picture of their gallant sailor-general, dressed in red shirt, with a gay-colored handkerchief knotted about his neck, loose trousers, and a black felt hat, as he rode on

his white horse into Rome at the head of his red-shirted legion in 1848, or as he sailed away to Sicily in 1860, or as he returned from his southern campaign and handed his share of the kingdom to Victor Emmanuel, newly made king of a free and united Italy. To an Italian, Garibaldi means *freedom* and *freedom* calls up an instant picture of its romantic and picturesque hero, Giuseppe Garibaldi.

The name worked the same magic in his own day that it does in ours. There was that night when in the harbor of Genoa rowboats approached two steamers lying at the piers and their crews swung themselves silently aboard and went below to wake the sleeping sailors, announcing, pistol in hand, that they were pirates come to take possession of their vessels. The startled men were ready to resist until the name of Garibaldi was whispered. Then, being good and patriotic Italians, they laughingly surrendered, and captors and captives went joyfully to work getting the vessels ready to start.

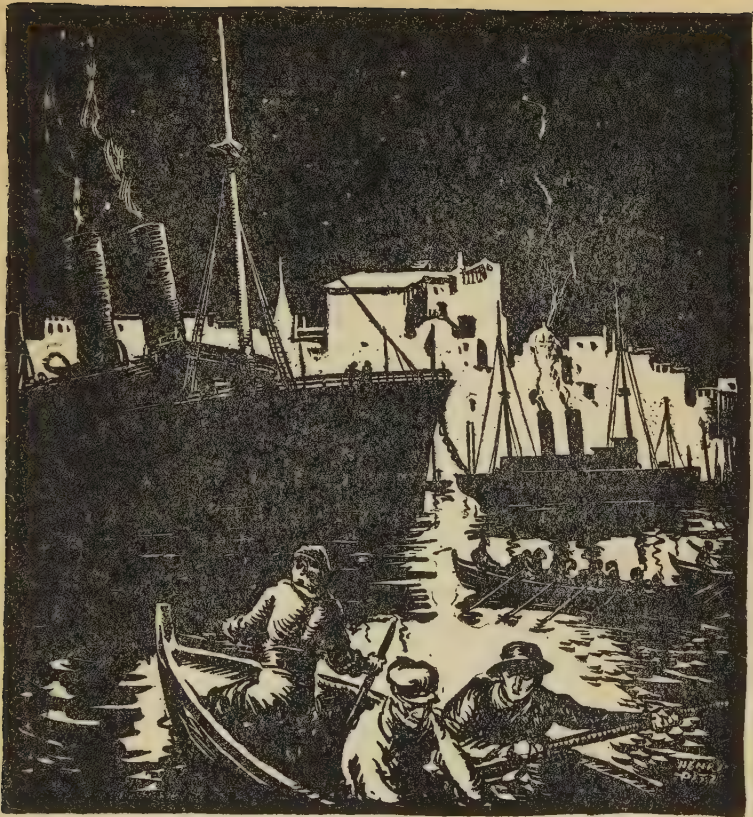
All Genoa had been waiting for days for this move. The famous patriot had been for three weeks at the Villa Spinola, just out of town on the eastern Riviera. It was an open secret that volunteers for his Sicilian expedition had been pouring into the city for days. Rumor had it that King Victor Emmanuel in the north was not unwilling to have this company start for the relief of the patriots in Sicily, who after long oppression had risen against

their tyrannical rulers. Men had been seen in the streets who were known to be messengers from the king's adviser and Garibaldi's friend, the patriot Prime Minister Cavour.

All Genoa was waiting for something to happen, and now these sailors were the first to know that theirs were the ships chosen for the expedition and that this was the night when it was to embark. All must be done secretly, for there were enemies abroad who would do their best to keep any relief or help from the suffering Sicilians. The King of Naples had spies ready to report and stop the uprising if they could. While stokers lighted the fires for the engines, men wrapped the anchor chains in cloth so that the noise of their clanking should not disturb the sleeping town. At three o'clock the two boats slipped silently away from the pier into the safer darkness of the outer harbor.

Meanwhile a silent procession had been making its way along the three miles of highway to the shore below the Villa Spinola. No announcement had been made of the route or of the time of its going. Yet the whole three miles was lined with watchers who stood silent and uncovered as the men marched by. There was no sound, no waving of flags, only a deep silence as these volunteers still in citizen's clothes set forth on an expedition from which none was sure to return alive, yet an enterprise in which every silent watcher wished that he might have part.

As they reached the shore they seated themselves



THERE WAS THAT NIGHT WHEN IN THE HARBOR OF
GENOA ROWBOATS APPROACHED TWO STEAMERS

under the trees or climbed out on the rocks, watching while cases of muskets which had arrived with the label "books" were piled into boats, to be rowed out to the vessels now getting under way from the piers.

Back on the hills at the villa, Garibaldi and the men who had planned the expedition with him were waiting anxiously for the money which should finance the undertaking. They had waited all day and now it was evening. If it came, it would prove that the patriots of northern Italy were with them in their plans. If it did not come, the little army could not start. It came on the train from Milan which arrived at ten o'clock in the evening, and was brought with all speed to the villa.

Garibaldi laid aside his citizen's clothes and donned once more the red shirt which he had worn when he led the fruitless attempt to drive the foreigners out of Rome a dozen years before. Carrying his heavy sword and accompanied by his officers, he walked across the villa grounds where many of his followers were watching, crossed the road, and descended by a footpath to the tiny inlet where the rowboats waited. The large vessels could not come in to the shore. So a string of little boats, with Garibaldi's in the lead, put out half a mile to wait in the deeper waters of the bay. It was bright moonlight, which added to the beauty of the scene but also increased the danger of discovery as boat after boat rowed out on the track of the light. For two hours they waited, and still the steamers did

not come. Finally, when the brilliant moonlight was fading into the gray preceding the dawn, the signal of lights in the national colors was flashed across the waters as the two steamers drew near. The men scrambled up the ladders while their boats went back to pick up second and third loads of eager volunteers. All was haste, for it would not do for Garibaldi to be seen sailing from the harbor of Genoa in daylight. As the sun rose over the mountain tops, the last men climbed aboard, the last cases of guns were pitched into the holds, and the *Piedmont* and the *Lombard* moved out to sea.

"How many are we, all told?" asked Garibaldi as the vessels sped across the waters.

"With the sailors we are more than a thousand," replied his aide.

So Garibaldi and his Thousand set out to free Sicily, which should be the first step in freeing all the south of Italy from the oppressive rule of the King of Naples and his foreign backers and in preparing for a free and united Italy.

This had been Garibaldi's dream since as a young sailor he had heard on shipboard the patriotic doctrine of Mazzini and gone ashore at Marseilles to meet the patriot, then in exile, and join the association of Young Italy which had for its aims the three watchwords, "Independence, Unity, and Liberty." The Austrians and other foreign invaders must take their hands off Italy; the many small states must be united into one; and the voice of the people must be heard in all the councils of

government. It was nearly thirty years since young Garibaldi had dedicated his life, with as simple a devotion as though he had been a crusader of the early Middle Ages, to this task of freeing his nation. He had been condemned to death for his first efforts for freedom and had managed to escape to South America, where in exile for fourteen years he had trained the famous Italian Legion with which he had returned to undertake in 1849 the defense of Rome. That effort had failed, but now the time had come when there was a chance to strike another blow for freedom. The king and his advisers knew that there was no one who could inspire the people like the red-shirted general who had worked miracles with his wild band of adventurers in the campaigns of a dozen years ago. Even now he went without their official approval. Yet they did not order him back, and for that he was thankful.

This was no band of soldiers which he took with him. One hundred and fifty lawyers, one hundred doctors (who fought and then, after the battle was over, tended the wounded), one hundred merchants, fifty engineers, and many chemists, ship captains, artists, authors, tradesmen, and students made up the company, out of which on the way to Sicily Garibaldi organized eight companies. Fifty red shirts were given out on the voyage, but not until after the taking of Palermo was the whole army equipped with uniforms.

The story of the taking of Sicily by this com-

pany of ardent patriots reads like a tale of crusading days rather than a sober military expedition of the middle of the last century. It was an extraordinary campaign carried out against incredible difficulties. Garibaldi never had sufficient ammunition. He never knew for an hour ahead about his supplies or his plans. Yet it was the kind of irregular, guerilla, mountain warfare in which he was by reason of his experience in South America most skillful. Day after day he made his moves until within a fortnight after his landing it was evident that victory was in his hands. In a few weeks he and those of his gallant Thousand who survived took Palermo and were practically masters of the southern kingdom, which they had snatched from the tyranny of cruel and oppressive rulers.

The freeing of Sicily was in Garibaldi's mind a step towards the making of a free and united Italy. While he continued all summer at his work of conquering the remainder of Sicily, his eyes were on the mainland and his ears open to the suggestions of the king and his advisers, as well as to the storm of protest at his expedition which came from the nations of Europe. In August he crossed the Straits and moved northward against the southern kingdom from which the King of Naples must be dislodged before Victor Emmanuel, moving victoriously down from the north through a welcoming group of provinces, could accomplish the patriot dream of forming a free and united kingdom of all Italy. The hardships of this southern

campaign were great. Only a Garibaldi could have carried it through. But as he and his victorious army approached Naples, the Bourbon king and queen took ship and fled. Foreign rule was ended. It was necessary now only for the Italians to come to unity among themselves. In this hour Garibaldi's true greatness showed itself. If a new Italy was to be born out of this struggle for freedom, he in the moment of his victory must hand the kingdom which he had won over to King Victor Emmanuel, the only man under whose leadership all Italy could unite and present a strong front against her foreign neighbors.

As Garibaldi moved north, Victor Emmanuel moved south. On the morning of October 26, 1860, Garibaldi and his staff rode out from their camp and stationed themselves at a crossroads where the king was to pass. Regiment after regiment of the royal troops rode by while Garibaldi and his men waited. The strains of the Royal March were heard. Garibaldi spurred his horse and rode to the edge of the road. Victor Emmanuel on a prancing steed rode swiftly up to meet him.

"I hail the first King of Italy," cried Garibaldi, doffing his hat.

The king stretched out his hand, and the two clasped hands for more than a minute. Then they rode on together, Garibaldi's red-shirted staff side by side with the richly uniformed officers of the regular army. On November eighth, in the throne room of the palace, the general handed over the

provinces which he had won and the king was invested as Victor Emmanuel I, King of Sicily, Naples, and the South, as he was already King of Piedmont and the North. When the ceremony was over, Garibaldi walked from the room a private citizen, to return to his lonely island home. The work of the military man was past; the day of the ruler and the statesman had come. He had been true to the dream of his youth. He had set Italy on the road to "Independence, Unity, and Liberty." For the time being he could best serve the new Italy by his absence.

When, a month later, the king had to meet a lesser test and yield for the sake of harmony something of the honor due him, he remembered his loyal general. No personal desire or ambition must be allowed to stand in the way of a united Italy. Garibaldi had led the way.

"I must do it," said the king. "I cannot show less generosity than did Garibaldi."

STEPS TO FREEDOM

OVERSEAS FOR FREEDOM—WILLIAM PENN

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

OVERSEAS FOR FREEDOM

WILLIAM PENN

1644-1718

THERE were two ways in which Seventeenth Century Englishmen served the cause of freedom. John Bunyan took one; William Penn the other. Bunyan spent twelve long years in Bedford jail—and wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*. William Penn put all his wealth into lands across the seas and founded in America a colony where free speech and religious liberty should prevail. Both are good ways. We Americans are glad that handsome young William Penn chose the more adventurous way of crossing the seas to build into a colony in the New World his principles of freedom.

It was little wonder that young men like Penn were likely to spend much of their time in jail. The magistrates and judges did not know what else to do with them. The new faith which George Fox had begun to preach in 1644 was a simple and beautiful teaching that all men were equal in the sight of God and that every man had within him the light of his own conscience for a guide to conduct. But its practice, as the Quakers applied it,

cut like a sharp knife across all the rules and regulations of Seventeenth Century England. To show that all men were equal before God, the Quakers refused to doff their hats to any man, be he churchman or magistrate or judge. When William Penn became a Quaker, he felt obliged to declare his faith by sitting with his hat on his head in the presence of his father, which so enraged the admiral that he ordered the young man out of his house until he could show proper respect for his elders and betters. When Penn and his friends were arrested for holding a meeting, they doubtless addressed the police with the familiar "thee" and "thou" of brotherly love to all men, which became under these circumstances almost a disrespect. They even called them by their first names if they knew them, which bewildered and annoyed these officials beyond measure. Nor would they promise to hold no more meetings. They had committed no crime against the government, they said; they had only met to worship God in their own way. Surely they would do it again if they were set free.

What could staid old Englishmen of that time do but turn these young upstarts out of their homes and put them in jail until they should learn their lesson? Sir William Penn was an indulgent father and a broad-minded man. He did not forget that it was he who had first introduced his son to a Quaker, when he had offered the hospitality of his home to the first preacher to come to his town, de-



“THERE SAILED OUT OF THE DOWNS THREE SHIPS
BOUND FOR PENNSYLVANIA, ON BOARD OF WHICH
WAS MR. PENN.”

claring with British fairness that no man should be condemned without a hearing. But he had little dreamed that by his invitation he was changing the course of life of his handsome twelve-year-old son, born in the same year that George Fox began the preaching which was setting all England afire.

At Christ Church College, Oxford, the sixteen-year-old boy heard again the preacher who had visited in their home, and became newly captivated by the simplicity and beauty of his life. The boys talked, too, as boys would, of the newly opened lands across the sea where colonies were already springing up and longed for the chance to be among the adventurers who sailed to those lands.

Young Penn's chance came when his father died in 1670, leaving him his ample fortune. After he had been sent home from college for his Quaker tendencies, his father had sent him abroad to join in the gay life of Paris, hoping that he would outgrow his notions and find his future as a leader in the world in which the admiral took such pleasure. But when William returned he fell in again with Quaker friends and at the age of twenty-four cast in his lot with them.

During the years before his father's death he had received the usual treatment of those who sought at that time to stand for freedom in any form. He was repeatedly arrested for joining in private meetings or speaking in public. He spent eight months in Charlesgate jail and several weeks in the Tower of London. John Bunyan, the poor tinker, had ac-

cepted this fate quietly. But this well-born college graduate, who would naturally have been taking a share in the gayeties of court life, could not see himself spending the rest of his days in this dreary round of persecution. His father's fortune included a sixteen-thousand-pound claim on the king for money spent in helping to restore him to his throne. In satisfaction of this sum the young Quaker heir asked for a grant of land in America, to which the king agreed gladly, suggesting only that the province be called Pennsylvania in honor of his friend the admiral. George Fox had long been hoping for the establishment of a Quaker colony in America. He had himself visited the country in the hope of finding a suitable spot. It was doubtless a great joy to him when this charming young convert to the faith put through the purchase of a large section of land for his enterprise. On September 2, 1682, the *London Gazette* reported that "two days since there sailed out of the Downs three ships bound for Pensilvania, on board of which was Mr. Penn with a great many Quakers who go to settle there."

Although, as he himself remarked, "government was a business he had never undertaken," young Penn made an excellent colonist, proprietor, and governor. "You shall be governed by laws of your own making," he told his colonists, "and shall live as a free and, if you will, a sober and industrious people."

Religious liberty did not come easily in the Sev-

enteenth Century. The history of other colonies shows that. The very men who had crossed the seas for freedom to worship God in their own way were too ready to insist after they got here that others must follow in that particular way. William Penn tried to carry out in his laws his ideal of complete liberty. The statement of his "Great Law" deserves to stand as a document of freedom; in one hundred and twenty-five words it sums up the principles of religious liberty in a way far in advance of those times:

"Almighty God being the Lord of conscience, father of lights and spirits . . . it is enacted . . . that no person now or at any time hereafter living in this province, who shall confess and acknowledge one Almighty God to be creator, upholder, and ruler of the world, and professeth himself or herself obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly under the civil government, shall in any wise be molested or prejudiced for his or her conscientious persuasion or practise, nor shall he or she at any time be compelled to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place, or ministry whatever, contrary to his or her mind, but shall freely and fully enjoy his or her Christian liberty in that respect without any interruption or reflection."

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

DECEMBER 16, 1773

NO ONE can read American history without being struck with the way that our forefathers specialized in dramatic situations. Witness the ease with which we create Colonial and Revolutionary pageants!

They did not intend to be dramatic. One glance at the portrait of the stern-faced, be-wigged and be-ruffled patriots of Boston, as they hang in Faneuil Hall and the Old South Meeting House, assures us of that. Puritans by intention as well as by inheritance, they kept their strict Sabbath laws, wrote their long-winded, fine-type pamphlets on the science of government, paid their taxes, and conducted themselves in every way with the utmost propriety and decorum.

But when they were pressed too far, when their rights as free citizens were touched, they acted. And when they acted, it was swiftly, forcefully, and dramatically. It was as if all the holding back, all the hours of discussion and the pages of argument, all the stern self-repression had prepared them for one indignant outburst which should re-

lieve their minds and make plain how they really felt.

Even then they did not plan to be dramatic. Paul Revere and Dawes had no thought of being picturesque when they got their message from the lantern hung in Old North tower and rode in haste along the Lexington route. The news must be carried; they took the simple, obvious way of getting it and carrying it. Nor did Samuel Adams and his fellow patriots intend to make themselves famous by staging a "tea party" in Boston Harbor. They had protested against unjust taxation for weeks and months and years. Petitions, memorials, state papers had failed. The moment came when they must act, and they acted.

Colonial taxes had been mounting higher and higher, as the English government found custom-house duties on articles imported by America a convenient source of money with which to pay home expenses. The Stamp Act had made trouble, as had the quartering of British soldiers in Boston. Now, in order to help out the East India Company which had an empty treasury and a surplus stock of tea in English warehouses, permission was given to export this tea to America, adding to its regular price a tax to be paid at the port of entry. The colonists had protested against such taxes before but in vain. Now a definite case had arisen. In the fall of 1773 several ships loaded with tea set sail for the four principal ports, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston.

The committees of Cambridge, Brookline, Roxbury, and Dorchester met the Boston committee at Faneuil Hall and unanimously resolved in the presence of two thousand people that on no account should this tea be landed. Letters were sent to all the other towns of the colony, and they agreed enthusiastically with this action. "If the king means to try this action with America, we are ready," was the feeling not only in Massachusetts but in all the colonies.

On November 28th, the *Dartmouth*, first of the ships destined for Boston, entered the harbor. Two or three days later two other ships arrived. Owners and ship's masters were notified that "it was at their peril if they suffered any of their tea to be landed." A day watch and night watch of citizens were set at the wharf to guard the vessels; sentinels were placed in the church belfries, and post riders were stationed with horses saddled and bridled, ready to set out at a moment's notice to notify neighboring towns. They in their turn had beacon fires piled for lighting on every hilltop. If there had been any attempt to land the tea by force, the whole colony would have risen instantly in protest.

By law a ship must land its cargo within twenty days of its arrival in port. At sunrise on Friday, December 17th, this time would have elapsed. The town was posted with placards stating that the hour had come, "the worst of Plagues, the Detestable Tea, is arrived." Meeting after meeting of pro-

test was held, each attended by two thousand people and more. The custom-house collector would not give clearance papers to the ship unless the tea was landed. Governor Hutchinson refused to sign a pass allowing the ships to leave the harbor.

On the morning of December 16th the Old South Meeting House was packed with people and seven thousand stood waiting in the streets. Hour followed hour as they waited for the final word from the governor, at his country home in Milton. At five in the afternoon, when darkness was falling and the church was dimly lighted by candles, it was voted that the tea should not be landed, but that no action should be taken until the last possible means of legal relief had been exhausted. An hour later the messenger arrived from Milton, saying that the governor refused to sign.

The people had been quiet before, talking only in low tones. Now there was absolute silence as Samuel Adams arose and said in a voice that could be heard in every part of the room, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

An outcry from the street answered his words. Fifty men disguised as Indians hastened past the doors and started for Griffin's Wharf. While thousands of citizens looked on in silence, the three vessels were boarded, their hatches opened, and three hundred and forty-two chests of tea were opened and their contents emptied into the harbor. There was no disturbance. No one was harmed. The blows of the hatchets could be heard in the still,

frosty air. When the nine o'clock curfew rang, the ships were emptied of their cargo.

"A magnificent Movement," wrote John Adams in his diary; "an Epoch in History." "A criminal act," replied the king's government; "an illegal and violent proceeding," "Boston must be punished," was the cry in Parliament and the Boston Port Bill was passed, and on June 1, 1774, Boston Harbor was closed to all inward and outward commerce.

The response of the other colonies was immediate. Charleston sent rice, Philadelphia flour, other colonies wheat and corn. Virginia appointed a day of fasting in sympathy and protest. By this single act the American colonies were for the first time united. On the fifth day of September 1774 the First Continental Congress met in Philadelphia.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

JULY 4, 1776

ON FRIDAY, the 7th of June, 1776," wrote Thomas Jefferson in his journal, in an account of the proceedings of Congress on that day, "the delegates from Virginia moved . . . that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and Independent States: that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

These resolutions were discussed, and on Tuesday, June 11th, a committee consisting of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Sherman, and Mr. R. R. Livingston was appointed to prepare the declaration.

"It appearing," continues Jefferson, "in the course of these debates that the colonies of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina were not yet matured for falling from the parent stem, but that they were fast advancing to that state, it was thought prudent to wait a while for them, and to

postpone the final decision to July 1." During the interval delegates of the several colonies were busy getting instructions from their constituents.

On June 28th, the committee having agreed on a declaration, their report was presented in Congress, and laid on the table for further consideration. On July 1st, it was voted "that this Congress will to-morrow resolve itself into a committee of the whole to take into consideration the Declaration respecting independence." The document was debated and revised on July 2d and 3d. On July 4th, Congress "took into farther consideration" the Declaration.

From the hour when Congress met, the bellman had been waiting in the steeple of Independence Hall to announce to the world the final decision. As the story goes, he placed a boy at the door below, to give him notice when the vote was taken. As hour after hour passed, he said to himself, "They will never do it. They will never do it." Late in the day Secretary Thompson announced to the assembled Congress in Independence Hall that the Declaration had been adopted.

"Ring, ring for Liberty," shouted the boy from below, and the old bellman hurled the iron tongue of the bell backward and forward a hundred times, carrying out the words of the inscription inscribed upon it, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof."

On the 5th of July, Congress ordered that copies of the Declaration be sent to the "Assemblies, Con-

ventions, and Councils of Safety, and to the Commanding officers of the Continental troops, that it be proclaimed in each of the United States, and at the head of the Army."

In the month of July, amid scenes of wild enthusiasm in the cities, towns, and villages of America, there was read from the pulpits and on the public greens the most comprehensive and important national declaration of independence that the world had ever known.

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall

seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. . . .

"In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. . . .

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

JANUARY 1, 1863

IT WAS New Year's Day at the White House, the sad and discouraging New Year's Day of 1863. For a year and a half the country had been engaged in Civil War. To the duties of the Presidency were added for Abraham Lincoln responsibilities as commander in chief of the Union army. The defeats suffered in the summer of 1862 had not been followed by lasting victories in the autumn. The tall, gaunt, patient man in the White House was carrying heavier burdens than any President had ever been called upon to bear. To-day he was to issue, on his personal responsibility, an edict of great national and military importance.

Yet the routine of the White House must continue. It was the custom for the President of the United States to hold on New Year's Day an official, public reception. Mr. Lincoln worked on the Emancipation Proclamation which was to free the slaves, writing and rewriting it with his own hand, on the afternoon and evening of December 31st and the morning of January 1st. The draft was not finished when he was summoned at eleven o'clock to the Blue Room. There he stood for hours greet-

ing with his customary cordiality and kindliness the guests of the day. It was a brilliant gathering of diplomats from other countries, officials of the government, and distinguished citizens who made up the long line that filed past the President. There was no hint of preoccupation in his manner. He gave himself to these guests as simply and cordially as if that were the whole business of his day.

Then, with his right hand so wearied that he could hardly hold his pen, he went back to his office, made the final corrections, and signed in the presence of less than a dozen persons who happened to be in or about the White House one of the most far-reaching and important "edicts of freedom" in history. It was carried to the Department of State, stamped with the great seal of the government, and proclaimed to the world.

The Emancipation Proclamation was a military decree, issued by President Lincoln by virtue of the power invested in him "as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion . . . and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion."

Long and ardently as he personally had opposed human slavery, President Lincoln would not have felt that he had the right to free thousands upon thousands of his fellow beings by a stroke of the pen. That would be to take advantage of his high position to carry out his personal views and wishes. But slavery had become a national issue. It was a



THE PRESIDENT WENT BACK TO HIS OFFICE, MADE
THE FINAL CORRECTIONS, AND SIGNED

cause of disunion. "Without slavery," he had said in his annual message to Congress a month earlier, "the rebellion could never have existed; without slavery it could not continue."

Congress had not accepted his recommendation for gradual emancipation. They had not adopted his argument when he said that, "in giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free. . . . We nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

As a military man he knew the importance of adding a hundred thousand possible soldiers to the Union army. That had become in his judgment a military necessity which he as commander in chief of the army had a right to take. The life of the nation was at stake. In June he had declared: "I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsakes me." This act was in the line of his presidential duty as he saw it. It was also in the line of his own faith. Human slavery, the ownership and control of one man by another man for any reason whatsoever, was indefensible. The world was coming to this view. The day of slavery was past. "Can you not see the signs of the times?" he said.

Abraham Lincoln saw clearly. He knew that this nation could not exist "half slave and half free." Freedom was the law of life. To it the nation and the world must come. By the simple act of signing his name as "President of the United States and

Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy," on this New Year's afternoon, he could abolish slavery forever in this land. The influence of such an act would not be limited to any land or time. From that day human slavery was doomed. Mankind had taken another step on the road to freedom.

"God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range
or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as
ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one
electric thrill."¹

¹James Russell Lowell.

THE NEW FREEDOM

AT THE POLLS
IN THE SCHOOLROOM
IN COURT
ON THE THRESHOLD

AT THE POLLS

T O - D A Y

WHEN James Bryant woke on the morning of November 4, 19——, he lay still for a drowsy minute wondering why he was so happy. There were mornings when he felt tired or out of sorts even before he came half awake, but to-day was different. Some recollection from the day before had lasted through the night and thrown its glamour over this day on which he was sleepily entering.

Then he remembered and leaped out of bed with a shout. It was November 4th. To-day he was to cast his first vote for President. No wonder the memory had been stamped so indelibly on his mind that it had penetrated even his sleeping consciousness. For months he had looked forward to this day.

James had been twenty-one years old in January. In April he had gone to the Town House and registered as a voter. It had been a simple matter to get his name on the list, for James had lived all his life in Oldtown. A friend of his, a young fellow who had come to town only a week before Registration Day after two years of study abroad, had

been told that he must have a longer residence before he could become a voter. James had been asked to read aloud a few sentences from the Constitution and to write his name in the presence of the registrar in order to show that he knew how to read and write. Then he had gone home and in the autumn there was his name on the printed list of qualified voters on the Town House bulletin board, along with the rest of the family:

Bryant, James
Bryant, James, Jr.
Bryant, Mary

That was his mother. Next year his sister Edith would be at home from college and could vote, too.

But she could not cast a vote for President for three years. James had come of age in the lucky "fourth year" of a presidential election.

Mr. Bryant had already left the house when James came down to breakfast. He had gone early in order to cast his vote before he went to work. Mrs. Bryant was hurrying to get the housework done so that James might drive her down in the car. James thought she was almost as excited as he. Before women had gained the right to vote, she had worked for it with her mother who was an ardent suffragist. Many of her younger neighbors had forgotten that women had not always voted. But she never got over the thrill of being able to go with her husband and cast an equally important vote



HE DROPPED HIS FOLDED BALLOT INTO THE BOX.
JAMES HAD CAST HIS FIRST VOTE

with his. To-day she was doubly pleased to go for the first time with her son.

When they reached the polls she gave her name, not as she did in stores when she was charging goods as "Mrs. James Bryant," but as "Mary Bryant." Here she was not a wife, but a citizen in her own right. They checked her name; then James gave his. He spoke it in a low voice, for he was embarrassed, but the man who found it on the list read it out in a loud voice, "James Bryant, Jr., 52 Pine Street," and a man across the room repeated it as loudly. That, he was told later, was so that no one could slip quietly in and cast a false vote under his name.

James took the long printed ballot which they handed him and stood in a little booth with partitions on both sides so that no one could peer over his shoulder and see against which names he marked his cross (X). As he went out he gave his name again. Again it was repeated loudly on both sides of the room as he dropped his folded ballot into the box which clicked as it slid in through the slot. James had cast his first vote as an American citizen.

Simple enough, you say? Why make a story out of something that happens to every American boy and girl of twenty-one? Look back for a minute and see if it is as simple as it seems. It is easy to pull a chain and flood a room with electric light. Yet back of that act lies a story of many, many years of investigation and experiment by men of

science. Over James's shoulder as he voted might have looked with envy young men of thirty centuries.

James walked quietly in, cast his vote, and walked out again, with no one the wiser as to which candidate he had chosen to support. If he had been voting for a leader in the days of Marbod and Hermann, he would have had to vote "by acclaim," that is, by a voice vote in the tribal meeting, or by a show of hands. Everyone would have known for which leader he voted. If the candidate of his choice were elected, all would have been well for him. If not, he might have been made to suffer for his independence. After many a close election of the Middle Ages the losing voters had to defend themselves in a free fight outside the assembly room.

Voting Day was a great day in ancient Rome. In the time of the Republic the young voter would have been wakened at sunrise as the heralds passed through the gates of the city to the Campus Martius, formerly an athletic field, but at this period a market. Into the wooden stockades where cattle were kept on market days the citizens were herded. There they were kept in a closely packed crowd until prayer had been offered and sacrifices made on the altars of the gods. At last each voter walked out through a turnstile and spoke the name of the candidate of his choice to the teller at the gate.

The secret ballot, such as James cast, is one of the great instruments of freedom of the last cen-

ture. It allows a man to choose of his own will and vote as he pleases, without fear of the ill-favor of the man or party whom he opposes.

No one had tried to buy James's vote, either by offering him money directly or promising him an office if he voted "the right way." That would very likely have happened to him in many of the elections in the earlier centuries in all countries. But of what use to pay a man to vote a certain way if he can walk in and secretly mark his ballot for the candidate of the opposite party? When the secret ballot came in, the practice of openly buying votes received its death blow.

James would probably not have had a vote to cast or sell in those earlier days. Mr. Bryant was not a property owner. He lived in a rented house, not a house of his own, and kept a shoe store. In the time of knights and noblemen the son of a tradesman would have had no chance to vote. Only "men of birth" (and property owners besides) belonged to the "upper classes." Universal manhood and womanhood suffrage belongs to the new age when citizenship is a duty and privilege to be exercised for the service and at the will of the state.

At the polls James was handed a printed ballot with a long list of names, selected at party conventions or "primary" contests held earlier in the year, at which the people had again had the right of choice of candidates. In ancient Athens no men, however wise, would have been allowed to make

this choice. Names were drawn by lot, for only so could the will of the gods be ascertained.

If James had been an Athenian boy he would have been allowed to vote for candidates for the position of judge, though not of chief magistrate. Here he would have found himself using a method with which he was entirely familiar in his college fraternity. The name of a candidate would have been read and he would have walked forward and dropped into a covered urn a white bean for election or a black for rejection. In James's fraternity a single black bean was enough to "black-ball" a candidate and keep from him an invitation for membership. As a voter in the early colonies of America, he would have used the same ancient method, but would have been handed a kernel of Indian corn for election or a bean for rejection. (Corn and beans were the two leading products of Indian agriculture and therefore convenient.)

Count, then, the points which made this Voting Day of James a great "moment in freedom" if looked at through the eyes of the past as well as the present. He was admitted to suffrage with no question as to his property, his parentage, or his race—only as to residence, ability to read and write, and general fitness. (If he had served a prison sentence it would have been reported to the Registry of Voting.) He went with his mother, who could not have voted freely with her son until this Twentieth Century. He cast a secret ballot for a list of names selected in a democratic fashion by

the voters of the state and nation. He, James Bryant, hardly more than a boy, had his share in choosing the men who should rule over not only himself but this entire republic. "Votes," says Morgan, "are the uncrowned kings who rule the nation."

Voting Day a great day of freedom? Hear how John Greenleaf Whittier felt when he went to vote:

"The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot box my throne!"

IN THE SCHOOLROOM

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

I

ON A Monday afternoon more than a hundred years ago, in the little Academy at Ashfield, Massachusetts, to which as an innovation in educational custom girls as well as boys were being admitted, a new pupil was called on to recite her Latin lesson. This red-headed girl had come with her family to the village only a few weeks before. The scholars had been inclined at first to smile at her plain blue homespun gown, shaped only by running strings at the neck and waist, and her impetuous, awkward country ways. That was before they had heard her recite or had fallen under the spell of her gay, enthusiastic interest in them and their doings.

They had watched their teachers as they tried to fit her into one class after another, only to have her cover each study in a few hours or days and be ready for the next grade. On the Friday afternoon preceding this Monday, as she was leaving for home, the principal handed her *Adams' Latin Grammar*, a book of rules of syntax, declensions of nouns and adjectives, and long lists of conjugations

of verbs. He told her to study the first lesson and let him know when she was ready to recite it, congratulating himself that now the restless mind of this surprising girl would have food on which to feed for a considerable length of time.

On Monday afternoon, in the large room where all the school sat for both study and classes, Mary Lyon rose from her seat on the central bench and began to recite. Answering the questions as they were put to her, she continued to recite. All over the room scholars dropped their books to listen. With her cheeks pink with excitement, her hands nervously weaving her handkerchief back and forth through her fingers, her eyes fixed on the blank blackboard on the wall, she went on and on, reciting page after page of the Latin grammar. Outside the sun went down, and twilight fell in the quiet room where scholars and teachers sat spellbound while the clear, steady voice went on, reciting with few mistakes and only an occasional pause, until the last page of the book had been reached.

"How did you ever do it?" one of her mates asked her. "How could your head hold it all in so short a time?"

In spite of her recent triumph, Mary blushed a fiery red and dropped her voice in shame, as she confessed in a whisper what by her strict New England upbringing was a shortcoming hardly to be excused by her brilliant recitation:

"I studied all day Sunday."

All Ashfield talked of that recitation. "If only she could go to college," said one of Mary's teachers. But that was unheard of in the year 1817. It had been a startling and radical move for the Reverend Alvan Sanderson to open this academy for girls as well as boys. A few other towns were trying similar experiments, agreeing perhaps with Gloucester which wrote into its town records in 1790 that "Females . . . are a tender and interesting branch of the Community but have been neglected in the Public Schools in this Town." But real higher education, training for girls such as their brothers were receiving at college, was undreamed of. Mrs. John Adams is responsible for the statement that "female education in the best families went no further than writing and arithmetic, and in some few rare instances music and dancing."

When town schools were opened to girls, they flocked to them in such alarming numbers that the town fathers hardly knew what to do. Boston experimented with a high school for girls, but gave it up in despair after eighteen months because of the numbers which presented themselves. The boys' high school had never at any time had more than ninety in its membership, but one hundred and thirty-five girls qualified for entrance to the girls' high school in its first year. Then, too, boys were always dropping out to go to work, but no girl seemed inclined to leave except for marriage until she had completed the full course. The alarmed



MARY LYON WENT ON AND ON, RECITING PAGE AFTER
PAGE OF THE LATIN GRAMMAR

city fathers sat down and calculated. In another year there would be four hundred girls. Perhaps soon there might be twice that number, for the girls were deserting the private schools. As Mayor Josiah Quincy naïvely remarked, "It cannot be questioned that the proffer of so unexampled a privilege would awaken the strong desire of every parent and female of the admitted age in the city to become partakers of it." "This will never do," said the committee. "No city could be expected to spend money in this way." So in 1828, in spite of the advocates of higher education for girls, Boston closed for the time its girls' high school. Girls must look to other sources than public funds for such learning as they sought.

Even the educators, radicals though they were, shrank from calling the schools for advanced study which they were advocating "colleges" lest they rouse tremendous prejudice. They wasted many hours of their conferences searching for some other name which should "indicate an enlightened regard for the different wants of the sexes." Governor Clinton felt obliged, in presenting to the New York legislature in 1819 Emma Willard's very moderate "Plan for Improving Female Education," to urge that it be received with respect and at least be spared "commonplace ridicule." Miss Willard herself had mentioned that they might dismiss from their minds fears of the "phantom of a college-learned lady."

When Mary Lyon, a few years later, was scour-

ing the countryside for money with which to found her "Female Seminary"—"the first attempt, so far as I know," she writes, "to advance female education by public beneficence"—she had to fight the battle for women's rights as well as for their education. Even her friends felt doubtful whether a woman should engage in such activities, as she journeyed hither and yon, seeking to interest the people of her native New England in this plan of education which should benefit their eager and ambitious daughters. Of the physical hardships of this wearing task of money raising she did not complain, though she never recovered from the strain of those days. But against the obstacles raised for propriety's sake she did protest.

"What did I do that is wrong?" she demanded. "I ride in the stage coach or car without an escort. Other ladies do the same. I visit a family where I have been invited, and the minister's wife or some leading woman calls the ladies together to see me, and I lay our object before them. Is that wrong? I go with Mr. Hawks and call on a gentleman of known liberality at his own house, and converse with him about our enterprise. What harm is there in that? If there is no harm in doing these things once, what harm is there in doing them twice, thrice, or even a dozen times? My heart is sick, my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness. I am doing a great work. I cannot come down."

The books of records of the first gifts towards

the founding of this school for girls show the response which her earnestness awakened. There are occasional large gifts, two in one of the books of a thousand dollars each. But most of the entries are of fifty cents, of one dollar, two dollars, five dollars—with three of six cents each! Small towns, through the efforts of their women's societies, agreed to furnish a room at fifty or sixty dollars. When the doors opened in 1837, a group of eager students from the homes of farmers, mechanics, ministers, teachers, and doctors thronged in to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. Education for girls belonged no longer to the occasional private seminary for wealthy girls or the struggling efforts of an interested teacher to keep an academy alive. Here was an institution, founded, as Mary Lyon had insisted, "on public beneficence," with a modest and uniform fee as its democratic basis of expense.

This had been her vision from the first, to found a school for girls on exactly the same basis as the colleges for men. She knew the private academies of her day. Teacher in several, vice-principal of one, she had contributed eagerly to their success. "Some of them are doing very good work," she explained, "but amidst all their prosperity they have no solid foundation, and in themselves no sure principle of continued existence. Those which appear to have the strongest claim to such a standing are so dependent upon their present teachers, and their funds and accommodations are to such

an extent the property of private individuals, that it would not be safe to predict even their existence into the next century." For her own school and those founded on its basis, she could make a different prophecy. Sitting with her girls as she organized them into a society for keeping records of the events of the first years, she said to them, "This institution will last for thousands of years." Then, as perhaps their eyes grew big and she saw that she had gone farther than they could follow, she made the remark, which was probably just as surprising to them, "Why, it is as likely that it will continue as that Amherst College will." The reason for her confidence was that she had founded it upon the same basis as that of Amherst College and every other college for men (and all succeeding women's colleges)—that of public endowment and trustee management. The early settlers of the Massachusetts colony made their contributions to Harvard College because they felt education to be a public benefit to the community. If it were so, it must also be a matter of public concern and an object for public gifts. Two hundred years after the founding of Harvard, in 1836, Miss Lyon wrote to a friend: "I have lived to see the time when a body of gentlemen have ventured to lay the cornerstone of an edifice which will cost about fifteen thousand dollars, and for an institution for females . . . This will be an era in female education. The work will not stop with this institution. It is a con-

cession on the part of the gentlemen in our behalf which can be used again and again."

To-day, before they graduate from their alma mater, members of the senior class of Mount Holyoke College march to the grave of Mary Lyon, set in the heart of the campus, and twine there a garland in token of the homage of the college graduate of the Twentieth Century to this pioneer of the early Nineteenth Century who helped to break the bonds of custom and prejudice and set her sisters free.

II

A boy in the village of Idvor, Serbia, rebelled—back in the 1860's—against going longer to school. During the winter evenings he sat with his father listening while men of the village told of the glorious warlike history of the Serbian race and of their own recent adventures in fighting for right, justice, and freedom. In the summer he and his playmates lived in the fields, guarding the village herd of oxen against the depredations of cattle thieves from across the border. Why, inquired young Michael Pupin earnestly, should he spend any more days shut in a schoolroom, studying reading, writing, and arithmetic?

His wise and far-seeing mother thought otherwise.

She told him that she had always felt herself to be blind because she had never gained the double sight of reading and writing.

She explained to him that she had never been able to go far beyond the village bounds. So the wonderful knowledge of the world could have come to her only through books; and these she could not read. Her learning was only of the Old and New Testaments of the Bible. These she knew almost by heart through hearing them read and repeated again and again in church. But to go out into the world and understand and appreciate its life, a boy must provide himself with those eyes for learning which he could gain only at school, the eyes of reading and writing.

A few years later, in the year 1874, Michael, then a fifteen-year-old boy, proved this truth for himself. He was landing at New York from an immigrant ship. He had studied diligently in the years between. Now he was eager to try his fortune in this new land. He had only five cents in his pocket, he told the immigration officials, and no relatives in this country. They were doubtful about admitting him, even under the easy rules of those days.

They asked him whether he knew anyone in the United States, curious to find out who or what had brought him on the long, hard journey.

"No one," he replied, "except Franklin, Lincoln, and Harriet Beecher Stowe."

Of Franklin he had heard through the story of his experience in bringing down lightning with his kite. Lincoln he knew as the American hero of

freedom, and Harriet Beecher Stowe as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which he had read in a translation.

On the knowledge of those three Americans, gained through those "double eyes" of the worth of which his mother had told him, and on his frank and fearless appearance and his eager story of his desire to enter the United States, he was admitted and went ashore with his five cents.

Five years later, in the fall of 1879, Michael Pupin went up for his entrance examinations at Columbia College and passed them. During those years he had supported himself, learned to speak and read the English language, and prepared himself, chiefly at night school and by private study under one interested friend and another, for those college entrance requirements. Once within the college he won himself a name among his professors by his brilliant work. Nor did he shut himself away in study alone. By the beginning of his third year he had gained so high a place in the affections and regard of his classmates that they bestowed on him the coveted honor of the junior class presidency.

Two successive June days of the year 1883 stand out as the red-letter days of his young manhood. On one the Serbian boy of the village of Idvor received at the City Hall his naturalization papers, admitting him to American citizenship; on the next he stood with his classmates on the platform

and received his diploma as Bachelor of Arts of Columbia University, to which he was later to return as a distinguished professor, known everywhere as one of the world's great physicists.

Because of his brilliant mind and his undaunted energy, education and American citizenship had thrown open to him the doors of opportunity and given him his freedom.

III

The great moments of freedom for Mary Lyon and Michael Pupin stand out. Their path was beset by difficulties of sex and race which they were able by their fearless spirit to overcome. They walked their way alone. But in so doing they and other pioneers won victories which have been passed on to the boys and girls of our day.

In the hall of one of the grade schools of New York City a patriotic pageant is being given in February, the birth month of Washington and Lincoln. Girls and boys in costume gather on that platform. Names from a dozen nationalities appear on the program of actors and speakers in the pageant. But as the play goes on, with its inspiring story of freedom as it has been won in America in the past three hundred years, does it occur to anyone as unusual that girls as well as boys are taking part in that public performance? Can anyone tell, as these actors appear in their historic episodes and recite their lines, to which name or nationality

they or their parents belonged? Not for a moment! As Americans they stand with hands uplifted to close their program with their familiar and well-loved salute:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the United States of America for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

IN COURT

FROM TO-DAY'S NEWSPAPERS

I

NOVEMBER 17—James White of 156 Clinton St. is held in bail of \$500 pending a report from the City Hospital on the condition of Henry Smith, of 15 Eliot St., who was knocked down by his automobile at the corner of Main and Common Sts. last evening. After taking the aged man to the hospital White went to the Police Station and reported the accident. He will be arraigned in court on Monday morning on a charge of reckless driving. It looked for a time as if young White would have to spend the night in jail; but his father was located at the Elks' dinner in Center Falls and returned at once to obtain his son's release.

IN SPITE of the serious charge which was hanging over him, involving manslaughter if Mr. Smith should die, young White went home with his father instead of spending that night and many succeeding nights in jail. Three hundred years earlier John Bunyan spent months in jail awaiting trial for so slight an offense as holding a



TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BIANCA WAS BEING DEPRIVED OF
FREEDOM FROM LONG HOURS OF WORK WHILE
SHE WAS UNDER AGE

religious meeting in a farmhouse. From the books of Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Dickens, written in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries, we know how men languished in prison for months for so small a misdemeanor as being unable to pay their debts.

To hold a man innocent until he is proved guilty is one of the axioms of present-day American law. To procure for him a speedy and fair trial is one of the requirements of justice. Back of our modern guarantees of personal liberty lie hundreds of years of lawmaking by freedom-loving ancestors. No person, says the Constitution of the United States, shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.

NOVEMBER 17—A representative of Local No. 40 of the American Federation of Labor, the school truant officer, and the superintendent of the Amalgamated Textile Mills appeared in the district court to-day, all concerned in the case of little Bianca Silva, aged twelve, whose case was continued from last week in order that further evidence might be gathered. Bianca has not been in school this year, and as the Silvas had moved from the school district where she was registered last year, her absence had gone unnoted until the union received complaints from their members that this child was being employed on an eight-hour schedule at the mill. On inquiry it was brought out that her father had gone to the employment office with her and sworn that

Bianca, who is large for her age, was fourteen years old. As they claimed to come from a distant state, no school certificate had been required. Bianca testified that her father had insisted on her going to work and had taken all her wages each Saturday night. The father, for whom Bianca had to interpret as he could not speak or understand English, was reprimanded by the court and placed on probation for three months on his promise to allow Bianca to attend school.

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Bianca was being deprived of her rights of education, and of freedom from long hours of work while she was under age, by her father, who had been brought up in a country where there were few laws to protect children. The union did not want her to work in this factory. It had fought long and hard for laws which should regulate the hours of labor of women and growing children. It reported the case, and the school and court took it up. Now Bianca will return gladly to the schoolroom where she belongs and where her health and training will be looked after, instead of standing for long, wearing hours over a machine which she must watch and tend. Her freedom comes through her right to go to school instead of being required to earn her own living and help to support her parents. The state must always be on the alert to protect the freedom of its children.

ON THE THRESHOLD

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

I

MARCH 13, 1930—The announcement is made by the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, of the discovery of a celestial body whose rate and path among the stars indicate a new planetary member of the solar family beyond the uttermost known planet.

SO SIMPLY are the great moments of to-day recorded in the columns of our daily newspapers and the news paragraphs of our scientific journals.

An astronomer discovers on a photographic plate made with a remarkable new telescope a significant pinpoint of light. Its position and character are studied by the group of Harvard astronomers at the Lowell Observatory. The search of twenty-five years has been rewarded. The ninth solar planet, the existence and position of which had been predicted in the early 1900's by Dr. Percival Lowell, has probably been located. Overnight, as it were, the known bounds of our solar

system have been extended by millions of miles, as its diameter is increased one third.

The soul of man expands as these great horizons of space are opened up before him.

II

TO-DAY or To-morrow—On Station XYZ can be heard at 6:45 distinguished speakers of five nations broadcasting the report of the week's achievements at the World Conference on——

NOT only are the delegates of each nation making new physical contacts and arriving at new understandings and sympathies through the discussions of frequent "round-table parleys," but the whole world of radio listeners is "sitting in" and gaining thereby a new sense of world unity. Yearly in the League of Nations assemblies at Geneva, Switzerland, representatives from every continent of the globe sit down together and confer on international problems. At the tribunal of the World Court at The Hague, where each argument must be repeated before the learned judges in at least three languages, questions are settled and delicate matters of international law adjusted which might a century or half century ago have led to war.

As man throws off in this Twentieth Century the shackles of time and space which have limited him in his relations with other inhabitants of the globe, he is freeing himself from the prejudices

and misunderstandings which have long held him back from world brotherhood and world unity.

III

THE "Great Moments of Freedom" of the past are recorded in history. The great moments of the future will come to us as current events. They will come from the science laboratories, as new cures for disease are discovered. They will come from the courts, where new adjustments are made between alien and citizen, employer and employee, state and nation. They will come in the sermons and lectures of inspired leaders, in the reviews of our books, in the messages of our Presidents. As we learn to look for and rejoice in them, we shall be living not each within the bounds of his own interests, but each broadening his vision to include the interests of all. Then, and then only, shall we attain the freedom which is ours for the taking, the freedom of the new age in which we live.

THE END

A TIME TABLE OF GREAT MOMENTS IN FREEDOM¹

TIME	ACHIEVEMENT	PERSON OR NATION	PAGE
KEYS TO FREEDOM			
Present and Prehistoric	Language	Helen Keller and Early Man	3
Prehistoric	Fire	Early Man	9
1300 (?) B. C.	Migration	Moses and the Children of Israel	20
500 B. C.	Elected Rulers	Tribunes of Rome	25
490 B. C.	National Independence	Greeks at Marathon	35
469-399 B. C.	Freedom through Thought	Socrates (Greek)	45
287-212 B. C.	Freedom through Science	Archimedes (Syracusan)	51
166-141 B. C.	Freedom of Faith	The Maccabees (Hebrew)	59
30-33 A. D.	Freedom of Spirit	Jesus the Christ	69
34 or 35	Freedom through Brotherhood	Peter (Hebrew)	73
9	Racial Independence	Hermann (Teuton)	81
400-810	The First Republic	Venice (Italy)	90
1162-1183	The Lombard League	Italy	101
1307-1315	The Oldest Free State	Switzerland	108
800-814	Freedom through Education	Charlemagne	121
1182-1226	Freedom through Democracy	St. Francis	127
1473-1543	Freedom through Science	Copernicus	138
1642-1727	Freedom through Science	Isaac Newton	145
1380-1384	Freedom through Language	Wyclif	153
1483-1546	Freedom of Conscience	Martin Luther	159

¹This time table is too brief to be an exhaustive summary of the book, but is intended to serve as a guide and outline, tracing graphically the progress of the theme.

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930	The Oldest Parliament	Iceland	169
1215	The Magna Carta	England	176
1566	Freedom of Country and Conscience	The "Beggars" of Holland	184
1763-1764	The Machine—a Key to Freedom	James Hargreaves (Inventor)	196
1798	Freedom from Disease	Edward Jenner	203
1628-1688	Free Speech	John Bunyan	212
1274-1329	National Freedom—Scotland	Robert Bruce	225
1496-1560	National Freedom—Sweden	Gustavus Vasa	234
1746-1817	National Freedom—Poland	Kosciusko	244
1807-1882	National Freedom—Italy	Garibaldi	252
1644-1718	Freedom of Conscience	William Penn	265
1773	Freedom from Taxation without Representation	American Colonies	272
1776	Freedom through Union	American Republic	277
1863	Freedom from Slavery	United States	281
The Present	Universal Suffrage	American	295
	Free Public Schools	American	300
	Free Courts	American	312
	International Agreements	International	318
	Freedom through Control	Individual and Universal	318

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